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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[SEE PAGE 892.]

Façade of the Fine Arts Building.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

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THE FOREIGN POLICY OF ENGLAND.

AS we predicted in these columns not long ago, Lord SALISBURY is managing to divert the attention of the British public from domestic questions to foreign affairs. A tempting opportunity is ready to hand. The outrages perpetrated by the Kurds and Turks upon the Christian Armenians grievously shocked the sympathies of all Christendom. There was a general outcry throughout the civilized world. Guarantees for reform in Turkey, to prevent the recurrence of such atrocities, and to insure the safety of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, were generally demanded. The ROSEBERY government took strong ground in this sense. GLADSTONE emerged from the portals of the grave to pour out a flaming speech against "the unspeakable Turk." There seemed to be a unanimity of sentiment, regardless of party. SALISBURY had only to assume this legacy from the hands of his predecessors in office to have the whole nation behind him. He did so with rude and ostentatious energy. When the Turkish government, repeating its well-worn promises of reform with dreary iteration, still refused to subject the regulation of Armenian affairs to the control of an international commission, because this would be incompatible with the dignity of the Ottoman Empire as an independent power, Lord SALISBURY gruffly told the Sultan that the independence of the Ottoman Empire was a thing of peculiar precariousness; that it would long ago have ceased to exist had not some powers thought it good policy to protect it against the ambitious designs of others; and that unless the Sultan consented to measures needed to put an end to religious persecution and race oppression in his dominions, fate would soon put an end to the whole Turkish concern. It is denied that Lord SALISBURY directly threatened the Sublime Porte with "dismemberment," but what he did say virtually amounted to the same thing.

Such language, unless it produces the desired effect, must be followed by acts of enforcement. If it is not, it will appear as empty bluster, which is usually interpreted as the disguise of conscious weakness. Here the embarrassment of Lord SALISBURY begins. It will be easy for him, if the Sultan persists in refusing, to devise measures of coercion and to get into a warlike embroilment. But it will be difficult so to conduct the fight as to guard what is traditionally understood to be the interest of Great Britain. In proceeding against Turkey for the protection of the Armenians, England finds herself in the company of Russia and France. Russia is always most anxious to protect Turkish subjects against oppression by their master. She is still more anxious to get permanent possession of the Turkish provinces inhabited by those oppressed subjects. In Bulgaria we have a living example. Russia has now a tender heart for the Armenian Christians. Her yearning is still tenderer for the Armenian country. She is hotly against the abuses and outrages tolerated by the Sultan's government. She is still more hotly after the possession of the Sultan's capital city. If now Russia, seconded by her sentimental ally, France, joins Great Britain in demanding thorough reforms in Turkey for the protection of the Armenians, there are, without the slightest doubt, schemes of territorial aggrandizement behind this Russian philanthropy.

On the other hand, it is the traditional policy of Great Britain to oppose Russian expansion in the Orient, in order to protect the safety of the Indian Empire. It has been regarded as a settled principle of that policy that Constantinople must not be permitted to fall into the hands of the Russians. Great Britain has, to this end, on frequent occasions, been a stanch defender of the independence and integrity of the Turkish Empire, particularly against Russian designs. No sensible person will believe that Russia thinks of abandoning her ambition to possess Constantinople, with all its appurtenances. There is something intensely grotesque, therefore, in the spectacle of a partnership between Great Britain and Russia backed by France, concluded for the purpose of demanding reforms in Turkey, with a threat of force in case of non-compliance. We are not in the least inclined to deny the responsibility of the Turkish government for the outrages on the Armenians, which have been permitted, if not countenanced, by Turkish officials. But the world is so accustomed to see countries coveted by Russia disturbed by Russian intrigues that it would not be surprising at all if some day Russian plots were discovered to have had something to do with the Armenian disturbances. Nor is it at all unlikely that if Russia finds it to her advantage to precipitate the English at this time into a fight with Turkey, she should, while ostensibly acting in accord with Great Britain, secretly encourage the Turkish government to resist the British demands in order to bring on a crisis. Such things have been seen before many a time. Thus Lord SALISBURY has more to fear from the perfidy of his partners in this business than from the perverseness of the Turk.

If he wishes to be aided by other powers in coercing Turkey to yield to his demands for reform, without playing into the hands of Russian ambition, he will have to seek that aid and co-operation somewhere else—among the other signers of the Berlin Treaty, of whom the most important is Germany. But Germany is probably disinclined to take an active part in the Armenian affair, for the time being at least. No doubt she condemns the conduct of the Turkish government, and sincerely sympathizes with the Armenian sufferers. Neither is there any conflict of interest between England and Germany in any way threatening seriously to disturb their relations. On the contrary, as to all great international questions they are likely to be substantially in accord. But there is an impression prevailing among German statesmen that whoever goes with England into a common enterprise will be expected to fetch the chestnuts out of the fire for the august ally, and, moreover, be exposed to all sorts of disappointments in consequence of the vicissitudes of English home politics, and that it is therefore prudent to let England fight her own battles, or at least to let her become thoroughly engaged in the fight before engaging with her. As a very prominent one of those statesmen once remarked when asked whether Germany would stand idly by seeing the Russians take Constantinople: "No, but we want to see those most concerned first in the fight. It will be our time to fall upon the Russian right flank when we hear the English guns booming in the Bosporus." Considerations of a similar character will probably determine the attitude of Germany also with regard to the Armenian business; and Lord SALISBURY, in managing this affair so as to make good his strong language without compromising the traditional policy of Great Britain, will have some exceedingly intricate problems to deal with.

SHALL CROKERISM BE RESTORED?

THERE is danger that the issue of the approaching contest in this city will become obscured and misunderstood. Some of the German-American Reformers appear to think it necessary to make war on the Police Commissioners because of their strict enforcement of the Sunday-closing provision of the excise law, while Senator HILL proclaims that he and his Democratic associates in Tammany Hall are the defenders of personal liberty.

Both are wrong. The Police Commissioners are not in issue, although the Sunday-closing law may be, and we fancy that not many German Americans or others, reformers or not, are prepared to make open war on public officers because they observe their oaths of office and enforce the laws of the State. If the people who condemn the Police Commissioners and Mayor STRONG want the privilege of drinking on Sunday they cannot obtain it by electing Tammany-county officers or Tammany judges next November. **What they really want is not a change of administration in the city, but a change in the law of the State, and such a change is not to be effected by any persons whom Tammany may elect this year, but by members of the State Senate and the Assembly. How the law ought to be amended, if at all, is an open question, but it can only be amended by the Legislature, and** we do not believe that the business of legislation can be properly conducted by people who act as if they have the right to violate any statute that may displease them.

If a law is bad, it is worse than folly, it is rebellion against all law and order, to assail the officers who do their duty under it. It is also unintelligent, for the strength that is expended in berating the Mayor or the Police Commissioners might be better employed in preparing a bill providing wiser regulations of the liquor traffic than those of which complaint is made, but which have existed on the statute-book of the State for many years. If the people who favor Sunday opening, or local option, expect to secure intelligent legislation on this subject by putting CROKER back into power in the city and by maintaining PLATT's ascendency at Albany, their hopes or their appetites have destroyed their memories or perverted their judgments. CROKER and PLATT want an excise law like the present one, under which the liquor traffic is entirely in their hands. They want a law that will give them a marketable commodity. The present law permits the sale of the privilege of violating it. By permitting their angry passions against the Police Commissioners to govern them, the German-American Reformers who controlled the recent meeting of the organization are in danger of voting for the restoration of bribery and corruption as practised at side doors.

This consideration brings us to the mistake—if it was a mistake — made by Senator HILL in his Elmira speech on the 7th of September. The burden of the speech was the assault which the Police Commissioners have made on personal liberty. As a matter of fact, if there has been any assault on personal liberty, it is the law which is responsible, and not the administrative officers who have found the law in force, and it will be well to remember, too, that it is a law which Mr. HILL's party, according to his own confession, kept alive at a time when the Democrats had the power to change it. It is true that the promise of the speech is that if the rule of Tammany is restored in the city personal liberty will once more be the lot of the citizen, but herein lies the most grievous element of the Senator's error. He is not seeking to give to the people of New York a larger liberty, but he is trying to induce them to put back into power the most odious, cruel, corrupt, and the meanest tyranny that has existed in the civilized world outside of Turkey during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

If Senator HILL succeed, and the hasty resolutions of better citizens, including the German-American Reformers, find expression in a Tammany triumph in the city and a PLATT victory in the State, then the conditions that existed before the revolution of 1894 will be restored. Then we shall have once more the corrupt relation between the police and liquor-dealers that was revealed in the testimony before the LEXOW committee. Then men wearing the uniform of policemen will grow rich by blackmailing. Instead of enjoying the liberty and independence which every citizen has realized to be his possession, as well as his right, since Mayor STRONG's election, we shall be at the mercy of the scoundrels and bullies who compose the leadership and most of the following of Tammany. Instead of securing sound and wise legislation on excise matters, a policeman will stand with a club at the door of every saloon-keeper who does not have a "pull," and with his hand behind his back for the price of his corruption at the door of every saloon-keeper who keeps "wide open" by the grace of the majestic ruler in Fourteenth Street.

The German Reformers who are passing resolutions and making speeches in denunciation of the present municipal authorities are helping to bring on the time when Senator HILL's grim jest about personal liberty will be played once more on the people of New York, the Senator's idea of personal liberty being that every Tammany "boss" and thug shall have the right to do as he pleases, no matter what the law may be, and that no other citizen shall have any rights whatever except such as the Tammany "bosses" and thugs may grant to them.

Those who are anxious for a return of the time from which we have just escaped, who want the law once more trampled on by ruffians and by men who are not ashamed to share the mean wages of the basest vice, will vote for the restoration of Crokerism. But in doing so they cannot be permitted to deceive themselves or the public. **They must not pretend that they think that they are vindicating the ancient right of the citizen to his personal liberty when they are only setting up a vulgar and irresponsible tyrant who will permit them to gratify their desires and to violate the law**

for a bribe. They must not deceive themselves with the belief that they are struggling for enlightened excise legislation when they are merely wreaking their wrath on officers who are doing their duty according to their light, and who are not responsible for the law of which complaint is made. The German Reformers who are engaged in this crusade against an enemy whose defeat cannot advance their real object are, consciously or unconsciously, helping HILL, about whose purpose there is no doubt. To make war on STRONG or ROOSEVELT this year, or to create division and dissensions among those whose union made last year's victory possible, is either a crime or madness. If the German Americans seek an amended excise law by punishing Mayor STRONG, they will restore the blackmailer and the saloon-keeper with the "pull." If they gain the personal liberty that Senator HILL desires, it will not be that personal liberty which is valuable because it is ordered and protected by the law, but that personal license which is corrupting and inimical to good citizens because it is purchased from a "boss" who sells that of which he deprives the self-respecting and the law-abiding.

SENATOR MILLS ON SILVER.

SENATOR MILLS has announced his opposition to the free coinage of silver by this country. It is probable that his declaration will not greatly surprise the silver men, for Senator MILLS has long been a doubtful quantity in the currency discussion. It is true that he has not been counted sound by the opponents of silver, but he has not been of great assistance to its friends, while he has utterly failed them on one or two occasions—notably in the extraordinary session which Mr. CLEVELAND called for the purpose of securing the repeal of the purchasing clause of the SHERMAN act. On that occasion Mr. MILLS was a tower of strength to the cause of sound money, and when he was elected Senator he refused to obey the wishes of the majority of the Legislature of Texas to put the currency question before that of tariff reform. At that time he convinced the Legislature not only that he might be right, but that he was the best man of all the candidates to represent the State in the Senate.

While it is true, therefore, that Mr. MILLS has been counted as a silver man, it is not true that the announcement of his final conclusion on the subject marks the conversion of an ardent advocate of free coinage. To those who know the man, the rugged honesty of his mind, and the conscientiousness and thoroughness of his study of any question that demands his vote, his announcement cannot come as a surprise. It is the belief of those who are intelligently opposed to the free coinage of silver that discussion and study will convince any man of sound mind that the gold standard must be maintained in this country so long as it remains the standard of the commercial nations with which we deal most largely. This being so, it was inevitable that Senator MILLS should reach the conclusion which he has just announced in his letter to the chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Texas.

The convincing arguments with which he has accompanied this announcement cannot fail to have a good effect. He has rightfully a larger influence with his constituents than is possessed by the average Senator. Moreover, there have been signs of a growing enlightenment on the money question in Texas, so that altogether Senator MILLS's enlistment as a worker in the cause of honest money—and he is a worker who never tires and never rests so long as there is a chance to do anything for the cause he has at heart—is a noteworthy episode, and much good ought to result from it.

But there is another aspect in which this incident will present itself to those who are accustomed to consider American politicians as men who take counsel of their popularity rather than of their principles. Mr. MILLS is not such a man. On more than one occasion he has with sturdy courage risked his political future by his stern loyalty to his principles. He is one of the few Senators of our generation who would rather go out of public life than violate his conscience. And such a man any American community ought to delight to honor.

LOUISVILLE AND CHICKAMAUGA.

IF it is sometimes true that "history repeats itself," it must be also true that history shall from time to time introduce a new epoch or establish a new principle to be repeated afterwards. Certainly the history of the past contains no record of such an event as took place last week when the Grand Army of the Union held its annual reunion in Louisville, and all the history of the world has no incident which is repeated in the meeting this week at Chattanooga of the veterans of the rebellion, the wearers both of the blue and the gray, to lend significance to the formal dedicatory ceremonies of the Chickamauga National Park.

Only in one historic era, and only in one country, could such events be possible. Because Kentucky was a border State, because it was neither wholly Confederate nor wholly Union, the struggle waged on its territory was all the fiercer and more determined. There, as in East Tennessee and West Virginia and in Missouri, the division of neighbor against neighbor and of brother against brother merely intensified the feeling with which the war was carried on. But to-day the sole aim of Kentucky is to prove that all the fierce hostility of the past is dead, buried, and forgotten; the mark of its ambition is to eclipse the hospitality which welcomed reunions of the Grand Army in the less troubled cities of Pittsburg or Washington.

And what shall we say of the spectacle presented at Chattanooga, as the gray-haired commanders of thirty-two years ago meet each other and pore over the map of the five days' battle-field? Here history reverses itself. If Chattanooga, until to-day, meant anything, it meant a fair and square test of the fighting power of the opposing armies, of their commanders, of their grand strategy, of their tactics, and of their rank and file. To-day it means a victory of peace greater than any won in battle, as the old lines are formed again, the old batteries replaced, the old charges rehearsed, not at the behest of secession, nor for the purpose of slaughter, but merely that the truth may be known, that the story may be told aright, and that the honor achieved by each side shall be handed down to future times to receive its just reward in endless commemoration.

Here history does not repeat itself, for history never had anything like this to record. While these celebrations are going on in this country, Germany also is celebrating certain great events in connection with her history which happened twenty-five years ago, but their old antagonists do not join with them in the celebration. It is only in this country that the victors and the vanquished alike join in commemorating the events of a past civil war. He who fails to notice this strange yet complete reconciliation of old enemies, fails to notice a significant event of his age and country. He who fails to appreciate its meaning, fails in an appreciation of the higher qualities of his fellow-countrymen. That war is so recent that many of those who are renewing its experiences are only middle-aged men. Yet from its memory every vestige of hostility or trace of rancor has disappeared more completely than from century-old struggles elsewhere.

The strength of a nation at its best is put forth in these fast-increasing reunions of the old enemies of the civil war. They prove that the bonds which make us instinctively and spontaneously one are stronger than the influences which might urge us asunder. The lesson of Louisville and of Chattanooga is very simple. It is that the nation need fear no permanent sectional dissension from views on the questions of the tariff and silver and bounties, when its experience shows that it is only welded more firmly together by the harder tests of Shiloh and Gettysburg and Chickamauga.

CHURCH AND STATE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE fierce conflict raging between Conservatives and Liberals in Ecuador involves the struggle to separate state from church which has been going on in South America ever since the Spanish Americans acquired their independence. This is an explanation of the fact that in a country almost exclusively Roman Catholic nuns of that faith were insulted by a native mob. The cry of the revolutionists is, "Down with the cassocks!" Their object is to strip the clergy of their power, and to deprive the Church of its formidable influence in civil affairs.

The causes which have led to civil, or rather to religious, war in Ecuador are identical with those which conduced to the foundation and overthrow of MAXIMILIAN'S empire in Mexico, which have been the potent underlying influence in stirring up strife in the United States of Brazil, and which have been an element in nearly every revolution of importance in South and Central American republics. The struggle has been attended with varied results. Sometimes the friends of the Church have triumphed, but the general tendency of events has been favorable to religious enfranchisement. The defeat of the third NAPOLEON'S attempt to found an empire in Mexico put an end to ecclesiastical power in our neighbor republic, and the Church there is not only independent of the state, but has also been deprived of its temporal possessions, and no ecclesiastical body in Mexico can acquire landed property. In Brazil the Roman Catholic was the established religion under the empire, but the connection between church and state has been abolished by the republican constitution, although the federal government continues to provide for the salaries and maintenance of the church functionaries now living. In other South American countries the bond between state and church still exists, and the laws in Peru and Venezuela are intolerant of public worship not according to the established form. Custom is, however, in this respect more tolerant than law, and Anglican and other non-Catholic places of worship are undisturbed in Lima.

In reflecting upon the fact that the closing years of the nineteenth century witness our South American brethren still struggling with a question which has been disposed of here, it is well to remember that within the memory of men now living the state and church were not altogether separate in New England, and even that intellectual giant LYMAN BEECHER once denounced the toleration which he lived to approve. It should also be remembered that public education has only begun to be general in South America, and that vast multitudes of the people are plunged in ignorance little removed from barbarism. The free public school is making itself felt, nevertheless, and has probably had an important influence already in promoting liberty of conscience and independence of thought. Free religion is bound to follow free education, and South America will learn, as the experience of the United States has shown, that the clerical office loses nothing in dignity and gains greatly in efficiency in becoming wholly dependent upon voluntary support.

MR. BOWLER'S DECISION.

COMPTROLLER BOWLER has earned the gratitude of the friends of constitutional government by his decision in the sugar-bounty case. It is through the bold and independent exercise of the judicial function that this country has more than once escaped attempts by Congress to overthrow or evade the fundamental laws. Some one has said that the preservation of our republican institutions is due more to the interpretations of the Supreme Court than to any legislation enacted by Congress, and without inquiring closely and with particularity into the assertion, it is clear to all students of our political history that if the courts had not the power to apply to every statute the test of the Constitution, we should be in much greater peril than we are from the demagogues and Populists who too often succeed in controlling Congress.

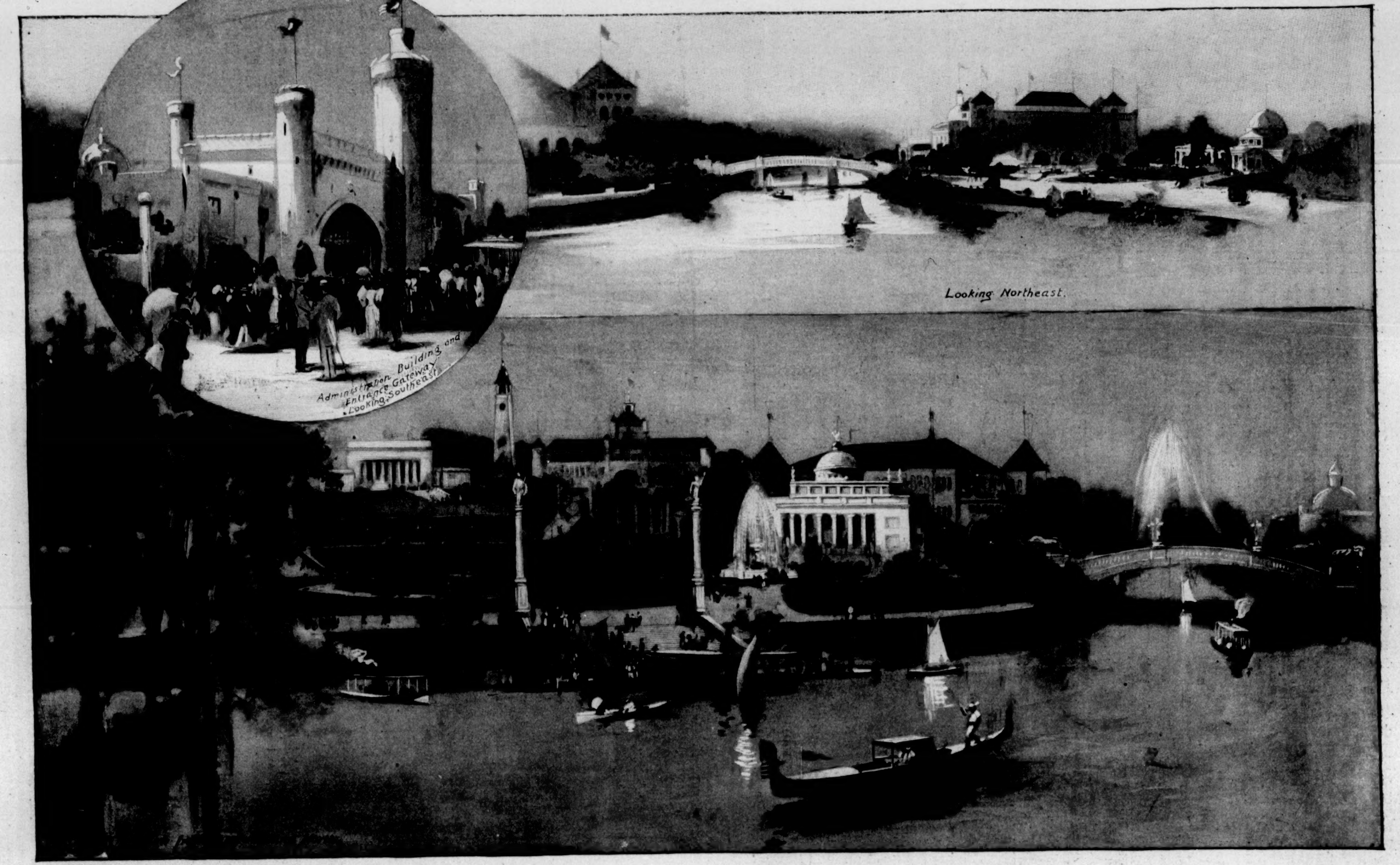
In the case of the sugar bounty, if the attempt to secure it succeed, the courts will be deprived of the opportunity to pass upon the constitutionality of many important statutes. It was contended by the counsel for the claimants of the bounty that the executive branch of the government has not the power to pass upon the constitutionality of a law; that that function rests with the judicial branch of the government alone, and that the executive must obey an act until the courts decide that it is void. If this view be sustained, then Congress may compel the expenditure of public moneys as it sees fit. The courts have decided that the public money shall not be expended for private uses; that the people of a town may not be taxed for the purpose of encouraging manufactures; and that forced contributions may not be levied in aid of inns, banks, farmers, commercial enterprises, or for the promotion of the interests of individuals, on any pretext whatever. But if the Treasury officials must pay every appropriation authorized by Congress, without question, then these decisions are of no avail, and the limitations imposed by the Constitution upon the power of the legislative branch of the government in this respect are no limitations at all.

If no executive officer can prevent payment of an unconstitutional appropriation, the power of Congress to give away the public money for any purpose whatever is only limited by its own loyalty to the fundamental law. But Mr. BOWLER has taken the only ground that can be sustained, for the courts have passed on this question more than once. An unconstitutional law is void, and no one is bound to obey it. On the contrary, no executive or administrative officer ought to obey it. As Mr. BOWLER says in his opinion, "It is true that the officer acts at his peril if he does not execute a constitutional statute, but it is none the less true that he acts at his peril if he executes an unconstitutional statute." He must be the judge. Justice FIELD has said, "An unconstitutional act is not a law; it binds no one and protects no one."

The Comptroller is an executive and not a judicial officer, but he is charged with very important judicial functions. It is his duty to grant or refuse the payment of money under the laws of Congress, and if he believes that an act of Congress directing a payment is contrary to the higher and controlling law of the Constitution, it is his duty to refuse payment. Mr. BOWLER has obeyed his view of the Constitution, and his view is sustained, in principle, by more than one decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, and, in respect to this very sugar bounty, by the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. In view of the decision rendered by the Court of Appeals, which has been referred to and quoted in these columns, Mr. BOWLER would have put himself in serious peril if he had not declined to pay the sugar bounty.

Whether he is right or wrong in his view of the constitutionality of the appropriation for the bounty is a question that may now be passed upon by the Supreme Court. The claimants of the bounty may bring an action for the recovery of the money in the Court of Claims, and from the decision of that court either they or the government may appeal to the Supreme Court. The question could not have been presented to that court in any other way. If Mr. BOWLER had signed the warrant and the claim had been paid by the Treasurer of the United States, a precedent would have been established, and Congress might have gone on evading the Constitution by making appropriations for every communistic and private enterprise that pleased its fancy or that aroused its demagogic fears. If Congress by a simple appropriation can set the Constitution at naught, and can escape from the interpretations made by the courts, it can compel the payment of public money in aid of one crop or all the crops, in aid of egg-raising or tree-planting, in direct loans to farmers or merchants or manufacturers, or in bounties to railroads or rain-makers. For if the sugar bounty is constitutional, or if the constitutionality of the act authorizing it cannot be questioned by the Comptroller of the Treasury, or by any other executive officer having any duty to perform with respect to it, then any gift or any loan of the public moneys is possible, and there is no limit to the taxes that may be imposed upon the country for the gain of private persons.

At present the question is, will the bounty claimants dare to go into court? Or will they follow the advice of Senator CAFFERY, which is also a confession of weakness, and ask for aid from Congress?



COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 892.]

THE BEACH AT GALVESTON, TEXAS.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.

·A·RECENT·JOURNEY·THROUGH·THE·WEST·

BY JULIAN RALPH

V.

TWO EARLY SOUTHWESTERN BEACH RESORTS.

WHEN middle June is reached and we read of the opening of the new season at such Southerly coast resorts as Cape May and Atlantic City, we of the North and East, and the West too, are apt to suppose that the delights of the beaches and surf are there first tasted by our countrymen. And yet at that time there have been at least two surf resorts that have been gay with summer crowds for more than a month, that were beginning the season while the invalids and idlers in Florida and the piny-woods places had not all departed for their Northern homes. These two are the beaches that offer rest and refreshment to the people of New Orleans and Galveston, and, curiously enough, both are in and part of those cities.

It was early in May that I found the people of Galveston flocking to the edge of the light brown waves of the Gulf in the city's street cars that reach the shore by a journey of only a few minutes from the farther side of the town. There are not many finer beaches than theirs, and in possessing this one so close at hand Galveston is more fortunate than any other city in the land. It is true that we of New York are but five and a half miles or six, perhaps, from Coney Island, and San Francisco is rapidly extending its streets toward the Cliff House, an equal distance away. It is six miles also, if my memory serves me, from the Clay statue in New Orleans to the West End on Lake Pontchartrain, but the lake is not to be compared with the sea, and at Galveston, the island on which the city is built has its side on the oceanlike Gulf only two miles from the business district.

All the way from France, without stopping anywhere *en route*, have come the so-called "rolling bath-houses" that fret the shore of Galveston's little Coney Island. They give the place a distinctly foreign air, for they are the "bathing-machines" of Trouville, Dieppe, and Schevingen, the identical little boxes painted yellow or red, with blue doors and white interiors, and mounted on thick disks of wood for wheels. Here nobody hitches a horse or mule to them or tugs at them by man-power to drag them to the billows' edge when *Madame la Duchesse* is within and robed ready for her bath. Here they are arranged in a long line, perhaps fifty feet from the farthest reach of the tide, and the bathers walk into the water and back across the beach. These bathing-machines have a section of the beach to themselves, for there are other sorts of accommodations for the people—huddles of the ramshackle little pine cabins that we still see at the minor resorts of New England, New York, and New Jersey, and one huge central bath establishment of the latest pattern, with its ticket-seller behind a square hole in a wall, its deposit safe for valuables, its counter for the distribution of cotton suits and towels, and its rows of numbered wooden cells around a sort of well into which the bathers descend to the tumbling surf, all properly platted with ropes and posts. These facts are recorded against the place more in sorrow than in anger, regretfully, since nothing could be designed that is more cozy, quaint, quiet, private, and exclusive than the bathing-machines, and had all the accommodations been of that sort, the beach would have gained distinction. The old-fashioned ramshackle cabins in rows are better than the huge bathing establishments which shut off the view just where it is most desired—a fact of which the wealthy cottagers at Southampton, Long Island, for one place, are so well aware that they cling to the little boxes and the glorious view of the sea.

Another thing peculiar to this place is the ringing of the Southern yell above the sullen roar and splash of the waves. I have, for my own amusement and to my own satisfaction, traced the Virginian sound of c-yar and c-yarter to the Irish, who were so conspicuous in the foundation of that part of our population, but I cannot trace and have not read any accounting for the high-keyed Southern scream of the men from Virginia to Texas, along the sea and gulf. It startled our blue-coated heroes in every battle of the rebellion, and in a milder way it would astonish a Dakotan or a Vermonter to stand among the bathers on Galveston beach and hear the biggest, strappingest, deepest-chested men at play in the breakers open their mouths and emit that shrill, thin cry of this vast section of our country. It is not feminine or effeminate; there is neither weakness nor mildness nor softness about it; it is a fierce strong head note, piercing and yet almost bodiless. In other respects the scenes and sounds are familiar. Facing the surf is a giant hotel, and strung along the terrace above the beach are the usual booths for the sale of shells and shovels, sand-pails and sandwiches, soft drinks, pop-corn, candy, liquor, and all the rest. A lively band is housed in a pavilion before the hotel, and near by, when I was there, was a summer theatre in a great circus tent. It struck me when I noted its thin walls, and the great opening between them and the roof, that the troupe could not prevent a great waste or leakage of talent, and that the crowds without could freely enjoy the very opposite of a pantomime by hearing the plays without seeing the players. Behind these little catchpenny places are a few picnic parks, managed like those we know wherever there is a considerable German element in the population. But these look strange here because of their gnarled and twisted salt cedar-trees and the pink sand and the tiny ponds of stained water that in those enclosures are dubbed lakes. A noble feature of this edge of Galveston Island is the hard broad beach, which forms the best drive of the people, a better than man could build. I am told that there are thirty miles of this superb roadway, and that in the evening, when the sky and gulf are flooded with moonlight, the scenery and the atmosphere take on aspects that are ever beautiful, and yet that differ in the changing seasons.

The other beach resort that gets its first crowds six weeks before ours are ready for sea-side pleasures is the West End of New Orleans. Strawberries are then plentiful along the Gulf coast, the salt cedars have turned into fragrant bouquets, the jasmine, water-hyacinth, magnolias, and pond-lilies are all blooming and freighting the air with perfume, and the city streets begin to throw off at night the heat they have absorbed by day. West End, straight out beyond the main avenue of the Southern capital, has long been a road-side turning-point and something of a resort for the crowds, but within the past year or two it has been greatly enlarged and improved under the same wave of enterprise that suddenly equipped the city with trolley-cars, hideous electric-light steeples, and much-needed new hotels. Even the old railroad to the lake has felt the new spirit, and now runs trains of open cars that are more modern and handsome than any of the sort that I have seen. These are changes springing out of the spirit imported by Northern men established there in trade. They are making New Orleans more beautiful and more ambitious but greatly less foreign than it used to be.

Of course West End gets greater crowds than Galveston beach, because it has a seven times greater population to draw from. Here, on the cool edge of Lake Pontchartrain, two Oriental-looking pleasure palaces form the heart of the place. One is for dining and light refreshment and the other is dedicated to dancing. Both are light in color and construction, with walls made open to the air and scene by rows of great arches facing the land and water. Between them is a large assembly space covered with row upon row of settees before a music pavilion in which a fine band (brought from Cincinnati for the present season) plays during the afternoons and evenings. Beyond this court of honor there reaches far away a plaisance formed of two driveways with a line of evergreen bowers and rock-work between the two, and a row of booths and shops, restaurants, and cheap resorts of many kinds on either side of the plaisance. Here are dance platforms, shooting-galleries, candy and tobacco shops, drinking-saloons, nickel-in-slot machines, and all the queer paraphernalia of a Southern Rockaway. The crowds are invited to "ring the canes" there as elsewhere,

but the Northern pastime of "hitting the darky three times and you get a five-cent cigar" has here undergone a change. Instead of the grinning face of a negro fitted in a hole, at which the public is invited to throw the baseballs, we see here a pasteboard effigy of a cat. It is interesting to note that in the South, where the colored people are numerous and blessed with more or less spending-money, the fakir becomes respectful to the race, and substitutes a cat for a darky, while in the North he finds colored folk sufficiently few to be trifled with, and he preys upon a sense of humor that is not unmixed with prejudice against the black by setting up a boy with his face blackened by burnt cork to be the target for the mob. I use the word prejudice advisedly, for though the North fought for the darky, it nurses a color-line that covers a less kindly feeling toward him than he meets in the South, where the prejudice springs wholly out of caste distinctions, and he is regarded as a laborer and servant, but with very little else than friendliness and sympathy so long as he aims to be no better off.

Like our straw rides are the stage parties of young folk which are made up to drive to West End, with much singing and shouting and frolicking on the way. Musical instruments are often taken along, and the six or seven miles of road are made lively by the music and laughter of these happy loads on every clear night of the season. The route to the lake is a pretty one at all times, though its beauty is weird at night when the trailing Spanish-moss casts the shadows of waving cerements in the moonlight, and the cemeteries look more than ever like miniature white cities full of tiny houses that form streets and avenues under the oaks. Gardens of great size and beauty, groves and sparkling little waterways, are on the route, and when the scenery changes and the trees thin out, the cool breath of the lake comes to make the change unheeded. It is this coolness in the air that brings its crowds and prosperity to West End, for it is not a surf so much as an air resort, if I may coin the expression—a retreat from the fevered city to the fresh, clear, cool atmosphere that clings to the water, and does not penetrate far ashore even when night has fallen and the Southern sun has passed farther along his daily round.

LIFE AND LETTERS

I FIND myself still so much interested in the subject of the comic and the cruel, which I touched upon last week in noticing Mr. Corbin's Elizabethan Hamlet, that I venture to recur to it, in the hope that a further treatment of it will not be too much for the reader.

I.

Mr. Corbin enforces his position, that the taste of the Elizabethan public created the brutal Elizabethan Hamlet, by the citation of several curious passages from the contemporary drama and from earlier plays. It is easy to show from these that the taste of that public was coarse, but I doubt whether it was quite as coarse as the Elizabethan dramatists imagined, or as this critic believes. It would be very hard lines for us if we were to be judged three hundred years hence by our newspapers, with their prevalence of society gossip, criminal incident, political abuse, cloying personality, scandalous trials, and dramatized calamity, which the makers of our newspapers sincerely suppose to be to the liking of the public; yet we could be easily proved vulgar, lewd, and depraved in our taste by examples of our present journalistic quality. I instance the newspapers, not because they are worse in their mistake and their misrepresentation of the American taste of this time than some other forms of literature, but because they hold the place in our civilization which the theatre held in the Elizabethan civilization, and because they form the moral and intellectual experience of the same proportion of the public.

It must always be remembered that an author conceives of his reader from his knowledge of himself; and not from his knowledge of himself in his entirety, but from those varying consciousnesses which are each in their moment so vivid that they seem his very and only self. I should say, then, that the complexion of literature at this period or that did not so much reflect the taste of the time, as this or that temperament among the authors of the time, and not so much this either, as one of the moods of those authors. When we find a certain complexion so prevalent that we must call it characteristic, then we may suspect that the mood has become a convention, and that there is a general, tacit acceptance of it among authors as the right artistic way of looking at life. It may become this in spite of being quite false to the facts of life both in the persons represented and in the readers addressed. If we read the comedy of the Restoration with implicit faith, we must conceive of English society as altogether corrupt, without virtue in one sex, or honor in the other, or truth in either. Yet a just view of the conditions must include the facts that the great Cromwellian period had only then elapsed, and the high Puritan principles of the commonwealth were still the life motives of a far vaster number of English people, even among the nobility, than those who were swayed by the licentious practices and examples of the court.

II.

I am not saying that the times of Charles II. were not lewd times, or that the times of Elizabeth were not coarse times, cruel times, but only that both times were much less lewd and coarse and cruel than might be inferred from their several literatures. Besides, it must be considered that authors, even the worst of their wicked tribe, very, very seldom write at their readers or cater to their tastes. They are, indeed, limited by certain principles, certain prejudices in their readers, as for instance the principle or the prejudice concerning fiction which, so far as Anglo-Saxon novels are concerned, obliges most modern authors to be decent, and not to write before ladies of things they would not speak of before ladies. But in other days the convention was otherwise: the taste was broader and the writing was broader; yet I doubt whether the talk was so broad as the writing except among people whom we should now call fast. Very possibly the smart set of Elizabeth's time was foul-mouthed, and the smart set of the second Charles's time was rotten, and so were the semi-smart and demi-semi-smart sets who wished to be like the smart set; but there must have been a vast amount of decency and chastity in both periods which did not characterize their literature so much as it might. Literature is always trying to rub shoulders with the great world, and for the most part getting only its stench off.

If writers do not write at their readers, however, they certainly write at other writers, who are apt to be their critics. A certain play, poem, novel, is written that distinctly expresses force and achieves success; and so all the junior and minor talents try to do something like it; by virtue of its strength and success it has become a norm, a standard, which they cannot but seek to shape themselves upon. It is much more likely, therefore, that Shakespeare when he wrote his first Hamlet had the successful Hystorie of Hamblet in mind, than that he had the tastes of the Elizabethan public in mind. He was then trying to be like another; but when he came to himself he wrote the later Hamlet, the greater Hamlet, the truer Hamlet, whom he teaches us to compassionate and forbids us to deride.

III.

I spoke in last week's paper of the same humane attitude which the reader is sensible of in Cervantes towards his sublime madman, Don Quixote, whose essential dignity no indignity really infringes, and whom we end by pitying and loving. Whatever Cervantes primarily intended, it is certain that he concludes by making the comic interest of his novel centre in Sancho Panza. Yet even him he does not suffer us at all times to deride, though he may poke his own fun at him. After Sancho comes into his kingdom at Barataria, and the court physician orders away every dish from his table that he loves, and he is left fasting amidst the plenty he had dreamt of, the joke becomes an affliction to the reader. You feel that the humorous conception is exquisite, but you feel that it is cruel, and you cannot enjoy it. But the pleasure of the blanket-tossing is perennial; it never fails to delight, to convulse with laughter. There is no danger; it is full of character; the notion of the gyrations and tumbles and bounds of the victim is killingly funny.

I say it never fails to make the reader laugh, but perhaps I am leaving women out of the account, if indeed women ever read Don Quixote. Perhaps they would not find the grotesque spectacle amusing, even if they remembered that it was the punishment of Sancho's own greed and his master's high disdain of hotel bills, which the man vicariously suffers for. It is very questionable whether they would be moved to such shrieks and groans of mirth as I have known men fall into in reading the account of the beating of the hateful Fledgeby by the equally detestable Lammle in Our Mutual Friend. The fez and the Turkish dressing-gown, which Fledgeby continues to wear while he rolls and leaps and tosses and throws wild somersaults over the carpet in the effort to ease his pain, heighten the ludicrous conception of the scene for a man, but I doubt if they would contribute to a woman's amusement; and I am sure that the notion of Jenny Wren's rubbing pepper into Fledgeby's wounds in the pretence of soothing them would simply disgust her. I do not know but it disgusts me, a little.

Dickens never could hold his hand; one need not allege proofs of that in any kind; all his books abound in them. In Our Mutual Friend again it is quite a touch beyond when he has Sloppy shoulder the wicked Wegg, and dump him from the open window into the providentially passing swill-cart. But when you get him good there is no one better than Dickens in the invention of comic scenes. Supreme among these is of course the passage descriptive of Mr. Pickwick's adventure in the wheelbarrow after the good meat and drink have wrought with him at the shooting-party, and he gives his name as Milk Punch to the infuriate Captain Boldwig, who finds him trespassing in slumber on his premises, and has him wheeled off insensible of his guilt. Mr. Pickwick's habitual dignity and decorum, his goodness, his temperate virtues, his delicate regard for the rights of others, his fine self-respect, all rush into the reader's thoughts, and render the scene almost incomparably comic.

I can think of none of Dickens's books where there is not some appeal to the reader's sense of the ludicrous in the "temporary insanity" of drunkenness. He is very Elizabethan in that; and so is Thackeray, but in less measure. Still, what makes Captain Costigan so dear and so delightful but his habitual inebriety? Thackeray turns the tragic side of drunkenness to the light oftener than Dickens does, and yet he shows its comic aspect, though the early Victorian English no longer mocked at madmen in their plays (they had very few), or baited bulls, or whipped bears.

IV.

I will, at the risk of being accounted brutally Elizabethan, own that I find tipsiness immensely droll; not, I hope, because I do not perceive how highly sorrowful it is too, but because the bizarre action of the mind in that condition is grotesque beyond anything we can witness otherwise. It does not make appeal to the same compassion in me as insanity, because I know that it is temporary; I feel that in certain cases it may never recur; and I reflect that the victim is a sacrifice to his own folly rather than his misfortune; and folly, though it is truly deplorable, is not so respectable but we may laugh at it too. Very likely the time may come when drunkenness will be simply pitied or abhorred, but I think it much likelier that before that happens there will be no drunkenness to laugh at.

If it is now cruel to laugh at it, or to show it laughable, was not I saying last week that the sense of humor was almost necessarily, in the last analysis, cruel? It is a spirit that mocks; is it, then, a devilish spirit? One can hardly imagine a good joke in heaven, but such a thing is not unimaginable in hell. It gets us over many rough places on earth, but is it ever without a victim, a butt, a sufferer?

I think it is. Even satire is admirable when it is self-satire, and there is a vast deal of humor in the world which is wholly impartial, and related wholly to the general human circumstance. If one were driven quite to the wall one might perhaps say something for those poor Elizabethans who laughed at the freaks of madmen and the pranks of fools. Their laughter could not wound the madmen and fools, and perhaps it did not deprave the Elizabethans, who knew no better, though such a thing would deprave us Victorians who do. We must keep to our drunkards, and be careful how we deal even with them. Shakespeare knew how to handle them, at least in his second consciousness, and there is no more masterly passage, as regards insight into human nature, in his whole range than that which portrays the temptation and the intoxication of Cassio in Othello. It is inexpressibly tragic, and it is exquisitely comical at the same time. Tennyson, too, is aware of the tragi-comic quality of drunkenness, and employs it to precipitate the catastrophe in The Princess, when Cyril, "with whom the bell-mouthed flask had wrought," in the midst of the "sweet girl graduates," and in the very presence of the Head herself—

> "Began to troll a careless tavern snatch,
> Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences
> Unmeet for ladies."

V.

Mr. Corbin has indeed opened a field of fruitful inquiry, in which one might well wish him larger leisure to wander, and bring back other evidences of its interest. If his essay is not altogether convincing, it is certainly very suggestive, and it is built upon the lines of true criticism. It is by no means against it that its saws are better than its instances. I should be inclined, in spite of anything I have said, to say that he was right in his fundamental conjecture concerning the original comic intention in Hamlet's madness, though I think that he scarcely proves the motive he attributes to Shakespeare in the earlier play. I think Shakespeare was working after a model in that, as a writer nearly always does, and not working at an effect with the public, which hardly any writer ever does.

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES OF THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

BY BRADFORD L. GILBERT.

THE architectural features of the exposition were necessarily controlled by three principal factors, viz.: First, a level site and the general dimensions of each of the principal buildings had been determined; second, a stated appropriation for each had been fixed, and could not be exceeded; third, one year only was available for their erection and completion ready for exhibitors.

It was necessary in solving this architectural problem to design and to locate the buildings as part of a general scheme, while each should bear a certain individuality of its own, so as to avoid any sameness in appearance; possible diversity by utilizing grade levels or special plot outlines being impossible under the circumstances. As some of the buildings would necessarily be viewed from a distance and as part of a whole, while others were being examined in detail, it was desirable to decide upon an appropriate and practicable style of architecture which would allow of such treatment without any appearance of a strained effect, and which would impart an impression of stability, massiveness, and dignity. The result was of necessity to be gained by a graceful contour and bold constructional outlines, yet to be capable of such detail design as would be eminently suitable. It was necessary further to take into account the desirable effects to be gained by light and shade in connection with the wall masses and openings, as well as in the various projections, mouldings, and color scheme. Particularly to be avoided were all fancy details, mouldings, or cheap ornamentation, used so frequently and with such poor results upon the majority of exposition or State fair buildings. Nor must we have copy (or caricature rather), upon a cheaper basis, of any well-known buildings at home or abroad. In short, it was necessary to evolve, so far as possible and practicable within the limitations of site, cost, and time, something that might be considered a truly American type of architecture—broad, natural, generous, and appropriate, free from the usual restraints of fixed rules and regulations, all based upon actual requirements and the necessity of location and considerations of available material and labor. How far these results have been accomplished the exposition buildings must tell, as those interested must prove the kindly critics.

The buildings have been based upon a type of architecture which might be termed "modern Romanesque," as exemplified by the graceful outlines, bold construction, and massing of a portion of the famous "Pitti Palace" at Florence, and the still better examples of similar construction and design to be seen at Rome and other parts of Italy—examples that somehow seem to have escaped many students of architecture.

Observation will disclose the fact that it has been possible in the general design to retain a family likeness, so to speak, while many ramifications have been found permissible; and each structure retains an individuality and treatment of its own in harmony with the whole scheme, as witness particularly the Manufactures, Machinery, Electricity, Agricultural, Fire, Auditorium, Transportation, and Negro buildings.

The assistant supervising architect of the Government Building designed this structure admirably in keeping with the general design adopted, while the local architect who designed the Art Building so effectively, and the young woman who designed the Woman's Building and has received so much favorable notice in consequence, though remembering the "family likeness," have copied more closely classical outlines, made possible by the adoption of "staff" for the structures.

In the second place, it was necessary to consider cost in design, construction, and detail. Bearing in mind the architectural results desired, any sham or false work had to be avoided. It always proves unwise to encourage false impressions. Masonry, iron, or staff was too expensive, consequently wood was selected; and what wood could be more appropriate than Georgia yellow pine, famous the world over? With the exception of such iron bolts, rods, hardware, etc., as were actually required for construction, and the masonry foundations, metal flashings and glass for sash, nothing but yellow pine has been employed, with the exception only of certain staff pedi-

ments, figures, capitals, medallions, etc., utilized to give a finishing touch where required.

The exterior wooden frame-work of all the principal exposition buildings (excepting the Art and Woman's buildings, as already noted, also the Forestry and Administration buildings) is covered for a height of about twelve feet—to the window-sill line—with two-inch plank, about fourteen inches in width, separated by a filling-piece two inches in width by one and a half inches in thickness, so as to form a natural base for the superstructure, which, together with the roofs, is covered with plain square-edged yellow-pine shingles. The voussoirs over the arches and openings are formed by constructional bands of these shingles, while the cornices, bands, and label mouldings are of wood, painted white to emphasize the outlines where required.

The base and superstructure of the outside are stained with creosote a natural wood gray, while all roofs are stained a natural moss green. Thus from a distance is given the appearance of solid masonry, while upon close inspection the detail of the construction and mouldings is apparent and equally effective.

So far as possible the interior trusses are of graceful curved outline, and light yet ample construction, in wide spans, the natural dressed wood being exposed to view. Upon this basis the five principal exposition buildings, covering a larger area than asked for, with many additional features added, were contracted for at a sum more than thirty-five thousand dollars below the stated appropriation. Seven additional exposition buildings have also been contracted for at five to fifteen per cent. below the appropriation named, and yet meeting all requirements. These buildings are constructed in a thoroughly first-class, permanent, and workmanlike manner. Their use after the exposition closes is yet to be decided.

In the third place, on account of the limit of time available, it was necessary to use principally for construction such material as could be obtained promptly and readily, and could be erected with such local labor as was obtainable.

The use of Georgia yellow pine has already been mentioned. While staff might have proved more showy, if it could have been used with an increased appropriation, it would have been impossible to have erected the buildings of this temporary material with local workmen, and the question of time would in any event have prohibited obtaining foreign labor.

These explanations of the architectural features and details are made as an explanation of their adoption and existence under the circumstances, and trusting that a better understanding of the exposition as a whole may be afforded. Statistics and dimensions have been purposely avoided, as proving unsatisfactory to the general reader. It may prove of interest to learn, however, that the Chime Tower and Belfry is the highest structure on the grounds. The same firm which installed the famous chimes at the Chicago Exposition promise even a larger and more interesting exhibit at Atlanta, and the natural formation of the park should greatly enhance the sweetness of the music. The chimes will be played by one of the most noted players in the country—a lady, who proves upon inquiry to be an Atlantan.

The façade of the Machinery Building facing the lake is over five hundred feet in length. Each tower of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building, the largest on the grounds, is sixty feet square. Thus the proportions of the other structures can possibly be better understood. The Negro Building was contracted with and erected entirely by negro workmen.

The Forestry Building is built entirely of Southern woods in their natural condition. The outside panels between the supporting columns are covered with various kinds of bark, while the interior is tinted in light moss green, and festooned with Florida moss. Over twenty-six varieties of Southern woods have been used, from 'possum oak to chinquapin. The flat roof will be utilized as a summer roof-garden, and the parapets covered with luxuriant foliage and flowers.

The principal entrance is really underneath and forms part of the Administration Building. The exterior will be built of rock and staff to represent old masonry, and covered with moss and lichens. To lend interest to the portals of the Gate City's exposition the design is carried out as a composite one, embracing notable features of Warwick Castle, England; Blarney Castle, in Ireland; the Rheinstein, in Germany; and St. Michaels, on the coast of Brittany, in France. Possibly, as the visitor passes underneath the huge iron-spiked portcullis and past the threatening battlements and turrets, his imagination may cause a rise in his normal temperature, and although he may not be able to enjoy the reality as some of us have done, he will hasten inside to breathe more freely. There we leave him to enjoy the beauties and improve the opportunities of the Atlanta Exposition.

AROUND THE WORLD

WITH THE TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION OF THE FIELD COLUMBIAN MUSEUM

NORTHWESTERN INDIA—LAHORE.

NEARLY opposite Shikarpoor the Northwestern Railway crosses the river Indus by a long railway bridge, and proceeds to the northeast, a distance of about 170 miles, till it reaches the bank of the Sutlej, one of the largest tributaries of the Indus, near the town of Bahawalpoor. Here it crosses the Sutlej and proceeds to Mooltan, and thence northeast again till it reaches Lahore, the capital city of the Punjab—the last-conquered part of British India before the great mutiny.

There are few finer or more interesting native cities in India than Lahore. Like most of the greater cities, it has a history extending far back into the very dimmest ages of antiquity, and, like them also, it has more than once been ruined and rebuilt. In one respect Lahore is unlike many other of the more ancient Indian capitals: its period of greatest prosperity and magnificence was a comparatively modern one. It would seem to have owed its chief architectural magnificence to the period of the Moguls, not more than 400 years ago.

Its present importance as the capital of a great British province and the headquarters of the largest railway system of India is hardly second to that which it enjoyed in its palmiest days. Even architecturally the city has lost nothing by its present Western connection. Important as Lahore was in ancient times, as the capital of the buffer state which lay across the route of any invading force bent upon the too often repeated task of subduing the rich plains of Hindostan, its importance in this respect is not less fully recognized to-day. There is nothing in its way more striking in all the wonders of architecture that abound in India than the provision that has been made to secure this great city—it is about the size of Cincinnati—from the danger of attack by anything less than a long and regular siege, with the aid of heavy artillery. To provide for this, and at the same time for all the requirements of a great centre of heavy railway traffic, was something of a new problem in the construction of railroad stations; and our illustration of the approach to the terminal station at Lahore will show that it has been accomplished with due regard to appearances, while an inspection on the ground showed us how perfect were all the arrangements for its defence as part of a modern citadel. The railway in this case passes through the city, instead of, as is the usual practice in India, merely skirting it on one side, and of course it was required that due provision be made equally for ingress and egress, as well as for the protection within the city walls of all the appliances and buildings of a great central depot. All this has been successfully done, with results that render the city a scene of variety and contrast hardly to be met with elsewhere.

The general nature of the fortifications of Lahore may be gathered from the view which we give of one of the main gates of the city, with its characteristic groups of comers and goers, beyond which a glimpse can be obtained of the heavily bastioned wall of the place stretching away to right and left. Within the gates the native section of the city is, on the whole, more picturesque than is usual with the large cities of the empire; even Delhi and Agra, although usually the favorite resorts of tourists in search of the picturesque, are certainly not its superior in this respect, while as a study of varieties of native life and manners they fall considerably short of the Sikh capital. Lahore is also greatly the superior of either of these famous cities in its general air of cleanliness and liveliness, while its street architecture is hardly less attractive and characteristic than that of either. There are few modern or Europeanized streets, but the somewhat unusual abundance of trees in the city limits is a feature which gives Lahore some of the best results of European experience in street arrangement, and affords that much-needed relief to the eyes from the glare of the Indian sun which is the first requirement for comfort or enjoyment to Western eyes in this country.

Few cities, even in India, can boast of nobler public buildings than Lahore, although nearly all these belong to the comparatively recent Mogul period, and the city is not embellished with any of the fantastic though magnificent creations of the architectural imagination of India's own peculiar school of temple architects. There are no vast pagodas and pillared temples here, the city having been mainly Mohammedan ever since it grew into its present modern shape, and here therefore the mosque takes the place of the temple, and there is no place for the wonderful ingenuity in figure-carving which is at the same time the highest and the lowest development of native Indian art. To make amends for this want nothing can well be conceived more delicate and beautiful than the proportions and execution of the mosques and other public buildings, constructed of white marble, with the most delicate traceries of carving both without and within. If the ornament of these buildings is less, and the wealth of labor expended upon them less apparent, there can hardly be a doubt that the taste displayed is uniformly purer, and the execution not less perfect of its kind. Runjeet Singh's famous marble pavilion, the "Barahdari," is an excellent specimen of this school of architecture, and one that can hardly be surpassed even in India for beauty both of design and execution.

Our view of the front of the great mosque of Vazir Khan gives a very characteristic glimpse of the native surroundings of these great buildings. To a certain extent, of course, the encroachment upon the approaches, and even upon the exterior walls, of the most splendid buildings, by booths and platforms, where buying and selling are carried on with unremitting energy, interferes with the effect of the buildings, but it certainly takes nothing from the interest of the scene. It is not very many centuries since the exterior of old St. Paul's in London, and of many of the noblest cathedrals on the continent of Europe, presented just such a busy scene of buying and selling from the booths that leaned against their external walls as that which may be seen to-day outside the great mosque at Lahore.

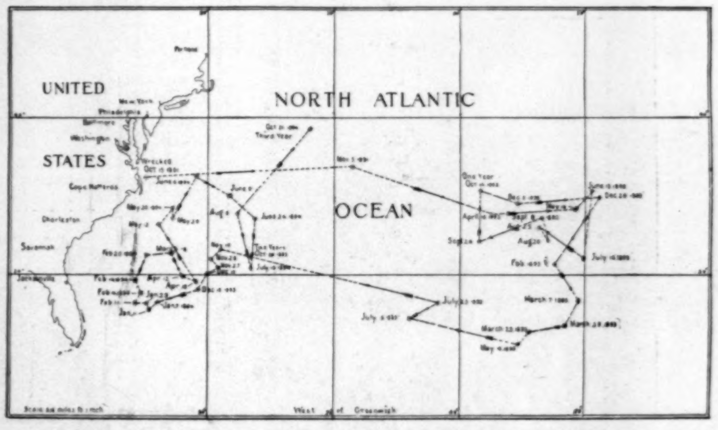
It is a curious fact that horses are the usual beasts of burden in and about the city, instead of the zebu, mule, or camel, which prevail elsewhere, even in districts not far removed from this part of the Punjab. The native jut cart here is somewhat different in its construction from the pattern used elsewhere, but, as may be noticed, the chief difference is in the way the horse is harnessed, for which the form of the cart is especially designed. The object would seem to be to remove all weight from the horse's back, and to throw the draught upon the lower part of the shoulder. Possibly there may be some advantage in this, but I confess it looked clumsy to our eyes, accustomed to the application of a different principle to such methods of transport.

The entrance to the Golden Mosque, one of the very finest examples of Mohammedan architecture in Lahore, or indeed in India, shows once more the neglect of outside appearances in the approach to their finest and most sacred buildings which is so characteristic of both the Hindoo and Mohammedan populations of India. It is only after the sacred buildings are entered that the superiority of the purer faith leads to a greater appearance of reverence for the buildings. The bustle of buying and selling, as well as the dirt and squalor, which distinguish the interior of the greatest temples of Brahma or Siva, is entirely absent from the Mohammedan mosques, the interiors of which are clean and quiet, and the worshippers uniformly well conducted.

THE MODERN "FLYING DUTCHMAN."

THERE are a few examples wherein the imagery of men's minds has in later years become realities. A marvellous instance is the case of the schooner *Fannie E. Wolston*. To a great many persons the fact that a vessel fully equipped and manned can successfully cross the ocean and weather terrific storms is a constant source of wonder.

The modern vessel represents everything that experience and ingenuity can devise that will make it able to cope with any of the dangers that can be foreseen. We are horror-stricken when we hear of such disasters as the *Elbe*, *Colima*, and *Reina Regente*. These vessels were comparatively modern, and were supposed to be able to cope with any of the dangers that threatened them; at least they were supposed to be able to float long enough to allow the persons they carried to seek some safe refuge.



MAP OF THE DERELICT SCHOONER "FANNIE E. WOLSTON'S" COURSE.

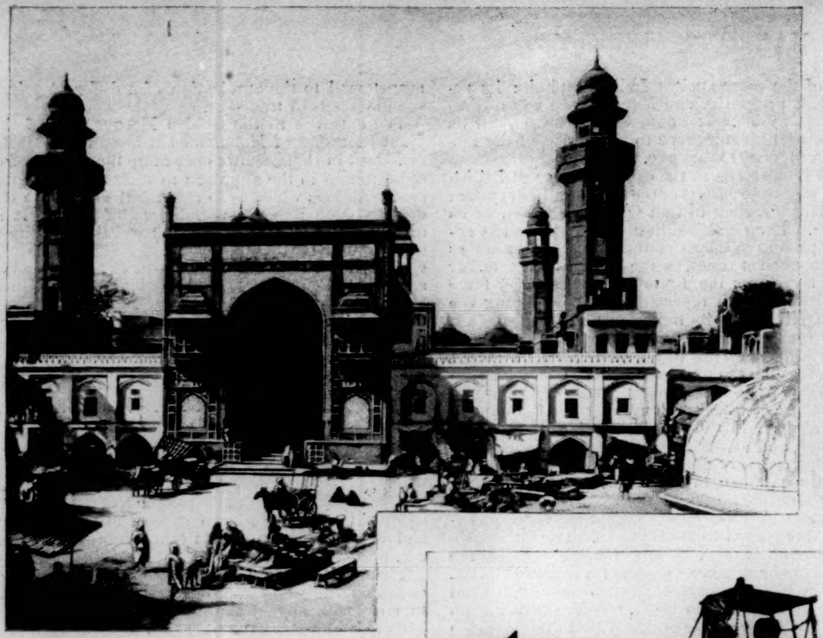
The other extreme is now presented to us by the Hydrographic Office: A wooden three-masted schooner called the *Fannie E. Wolston* encountered a terrific hurricane, and becoming waterlogged, her crew took to the boats and abandoned the vessel off Cape Hatteras, October 15, 1891. This vessel, storm-raked and abandoned by man, began the most remarkable voyage of which there is any record. For over three years she journeyed across the Atlantic Ocean, surviving gale after gale, in which many stanch vessels manned by skilful men went to the bottom. Like a ghost of a vessel which the elements refused to receive, she was forced to wander over vast expanses of water seeking a final resting-place, her hull partly submerged, her masts broken, with the pieces of broken rigging and remnants of sails flapping with every roll and swaying at each puff of wind. Nobody at the wheel to keep it steady, it revolved with dismal creakings, and as a fitting accompaniment the ship's bell tolled with every roll. As one swiftly passed this derelict, it was difficult to keep from wondering if there was not some poor fellow-being, weak for want of food or water, or dispirited from frequent disappointments, crouching, weak, discouraged, and helpless, behind some shelter, little knowing that help is near at hand.

The *Wolston* was sighted and reported by forty-four vessels in the three years of her wanderings, and many other vessels passed her without seeing her, or failed to report her. Many passed her during the night and failed to see her. From Hatteras the *Wolston* travelled to the eastward to about 49° west of Greenwich, taking almost eight months to make the journey. From this point she started back to the United States, but changed her mind and took what is known as the Southern Passage; this occupied nine months before she fairly began her western voyage. This voyage was accomplished in nine months more, when we find her off the coast of Florida. After spending the winter months in this vicinity, she started for more northerly latitudes, arriving off Hatteras in June, 1894. From this point she endeavored to cross the Atlantic once more, seeking to do this by using the Southern Passage, but on arriving in latitude 30° north she started for the Northern Passage. This change must have been a serious mistake, for on October 21, 1894, she was seen for the last time, and there can be small doubt that she has sought and found her last resting-place.

After she was abandoned it is known that the *Wolston* was afloat for three years and six days. The distance which she travelled in that time can only be conjectured—that is, by locating the places at which she was reported as having been spoken, and connecting these with straight lines, and measuring these lines, which make the enormous total of 9156 miles. This amount could be doubled, even trebled, and yet be within reasonable possibility. For when the reports have been within a few days of each other, it is seen that she constantly doubled on her track, and it cannot be supposed that she travelled from one position to another by the nearest route.

Although derelicts are a constant source of danger to other vessels, yet their journeys are useful in determining the set, direction, and velocity of the currents in the ocean.

J. H. SCOTT, Lieutenant R.C.S.



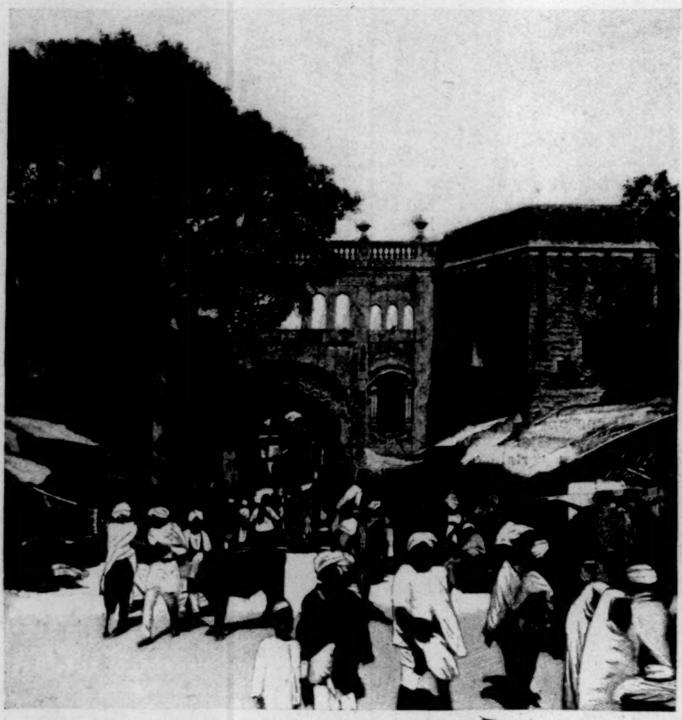
THE GREAT MOSQUE OF VAZIR KHAN.

THE SONALI MUSJID, OR GOLDEN MOSQUE.

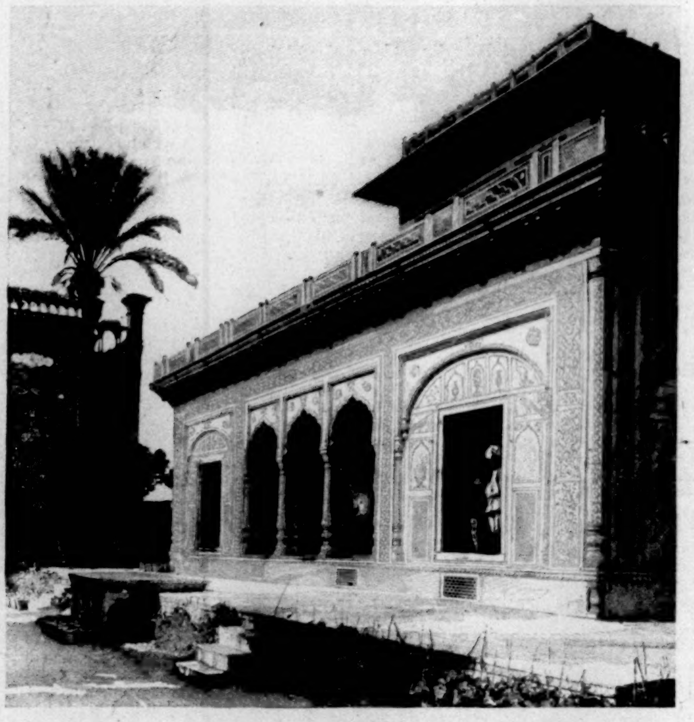
A NATIVE JUT-CART.

A STREET SCENE.

APPROACH TO THE TERMINAL RAILWAY STATION.



OUTSIDE THE LAHORE GATE IN THE FORTIFIED WALL ABOUT THE CITY.



THE BARAHDARI IN THE HAZURI BAGH—THE WHITE MARBLE PAVILION BUILT BY RUNJEET SINGH.

WITH THE WORLD'S TRANSPORTATION COMMISSION IN NORTHWESTERN INDIA—LAHORE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. JACKSON.—[SEE PAGE 893.]

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, MASTER WINSLOW?"

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "VIGNETTES OF MANHATTAN," "A STORY OF A STORY AND OTHER STORIES," "STUDIES OF THE STAGE," "AMERICANISMS AND BRITICISMS," ETC.

XVI.

"OH, I understand," Winslow returned, and he left the office.

When he got out into the open air, and felt the keen November breeze blowing up Broad Street, he drew a long breath, and then he shivered.

The next day was Friday, and it dawned gray and damp. All the early morning, until the roar of the city swelled up and drowned them, could be heard the strident whistles of the ferry-boats as they pushed their way through the fog hanging thick on the North River. A little later in the day, about the hour when the shop-girls go to their work, there was a drizzle of rain; and when the rain intermitted, a dank steam rose from the muddy sidewalks. Whatever wind there was, and it was infrequent, was moist and enervating. The atmosphere was sodden and chill; and the great city rarely waked to a more cheerless day.

At the house in Madison Square, Ezra Pierce came down to breakfast promptly, and found Mary waiting for him as usual, and ready to pour out his coffee. Winslow was late in getting up and late in coming down. He had been out the night before, and it was nearly midnight when he had returned to the house. He had explained to his father at dinner that he had just received an unexpected summons to a meeting of the committee of his alumni association. Even after he got to bed he found it hard to go to sleep, and when he did drop off into slumber at last it was for a few minutes only. In the morning he felt as though he had not had an hour's rest; and when he took his seat at the breakfast table alone, after his father and his wife had left it, he could not eat a morsel. He tried to swallow a piece of toast, but it choked him; all he could do was to gulp down a cup of coffee. As he held the cup to his lips his hand shook, and some of the coffee was spilled on the table-cloth. His eyes were sunken and hollow, and his under lip twitched at irregular intervals.

Although Ezra Pierce never had wine on his table, and never proffered liquor to any of his rare guests, there was always in the sideboard a bottle of brandy ready for use in case of sickness. When Winslow pushed his chair back from the breakfast table, he went to the sideboard and took out this bottle and poured out a stiff drink. Giving a hasty glance behind him to see that he was unobserved, he swallowed it swiftly, and then sipped a glass of iced water.

Then he shook himself together with a shudder, and took up the newspaper which had been left lying on the table before his father's seat. Ezra Pierce made a habit of reading the morning paper rapidly as he ate his breakfast. Winslow wondered whether there was anything in the newspaper about the discovery of altered certificates of Barataria Central stock. He did not dare look until he had drunk the brandy; then he turned the large pages of the paper with feverish impatience. But he could find nothing. Evidently Sargent's clerk had decided not to say anything until Sargent returned to town. So the exposure was postponed; the news that Sam Sargent had been cheated by some one's raising the figures of stock certificates would not appear till Friday afternoon, and perhaps not till Saturday morning. Winslow wondered whether the afternoon papers would get out extras declaring the discovery; and in imagination he heard the newsboys shouting indistinctly the name of the man who was guilty of the fraud. Then he clasped his hands to his eyes to shut out the picture that rose before them, and he dropped into the chair beside him with a groan.

The negro butler Sanchez happened to hear the groan, and to see his master's son sink into the seat.

"What's the matter, Master Winslow?" he asked, anxiously. "Ain't yo' feeling well this morning, sah?"

"Oh yes, I'm all right," Winslow answered. "There's nothing the matter with me—nothing. I want to be let alone, that's all."

"Certainly, sah," said Sanchez, bowing himself out. "I won't intrude on you, sah."

Before Sanchez had disappeared through the doorway, there was a sharp clang of a bell.

"What's that?" cried Winslow.

"That's the front-do' bell, of course, sah," Sanchez responded, stepping forward briskly to answer it.

"But who is it?" Winslow asked.

"I don't know, sah, tell I've been to see," was the natural reply to this foolish question.

Winslow stood in silent fear, listening to catch the first word of the man who had rung the door-bell.

"Has Mr Pierce gone down yet?" said the resonant voice of Doctor Thurston.

"No, sah," Sanchez answered. "Not yet, sah."

"Then ask him if he can see me for a moment," said the minister, going into the parlor.

"Yes, sah," returned the butler, with a bow.

Winslow drew a long breath of relief, and took up the paper again and glanced over it idly.

His father came down stairs at once, and greeted Doctor Thurston cordially. It struck Winslow as unusual that the door of the parlor should be closed. What could Doctor Thurston have to say to his father so private that he could not listen to it? And why had Doctor Thurston come at all, at an hour so unusual?

The conference between Ezra Pierce and the minister lasted nearly half an hour; and the final ten minutes of this time Winslow spent walking up and down the hall in an agony of impatience and apprehension.

At last the door of the parlor opened and Doctor Thurston came out.

"Ah, Winslow," he said, when he saw his parishioner's son, "how are you?"

"I'm all right," the young man answered, abruptly.

"Hum!" the minister returned; "you don't look it. Get your father to send you to the country for a week or ten days—to the sea-side, where you can fill your lungs with ozone all day and sleep ten hours at night."

"You don't think the boy looks ill, do you?" asked the father.

"He does not look at all well," said Doctor Thurston. "Send him away for a week, as I suggested—a week or ten days; and then when he comes back to town perhaps he will be ready for some of the regular work of the church. Why not take a class in the Sunday-school, Winslow? We need more young men in our Sunday-school—more and more every year. As I was just telling you, Mr. Pierce, I understand that this winter the attendance at our Sunday-school is likely to surpass that of any other school in the city."

"What sort of a Sunday-school teacher do you think I'd make?" asked Winslow, with a suspicion of a sneer.

"You could learn, I trust," Doctor Thurston answered, gravely. "But I must not detain you from your office any longer, Mr. Pierce. Good-morning."

Five minutes later Ezra Pierce and his son were on their way down town, crossing Madison Square under the dripping branches of the bare trees. The rain had ceased an hour earlier, but the atmosphere was moist and cold; and at the corners the pavement was foul with the slippery ooze of the street.

After they had crossed Twenty-third Street, Winslow mustered up courage to ask, "What did Doctor Thurston want out of you this time?"

Ezra Pierce gave his son a glance of rebuke. "I wish you would not speak of Doctor Thurston in that way," he said. "He asked me for money, of course, but he knows I am glad to give it always. It is a pleasure to me to help along the church when I can."

"It's a pleasure the Doctor's willing to let you have pretty often," Winslow retorted. "How much does he expect now?"

"Now that the hard times are over, Doctor Thurston wants to make our Thanksgiving celebration better than ever before," Ezra Pierce responded.

"And he means to have you pay for about half of it, of course," Winslow broke in. "Well, you can afford it, that's one thing."

"Yes," admitted his father; "I have much to be thankful for, as far as business is concerned." Then he sighed—a most unusual thing for him to do.

Winslow's thoughts went back at once to his mother; and again he was seized by remorse that perhaps he was responsible for her death.

Thus it was that father and son kept silence as they walked down Broadway. They were on the east side, which Ezra Pierce preferred, as it was less crowded. They crossed Union Square, where the trees were as forlorn as those in Madison Square.

When they were in front of Grace Church, Winslow saw that the time had come, and that he could postpone no longer what had to be said. The same cowardice which had moved him to select the street as the place in which to tell his father about his love for Mary Romeyn and his engagement to her, made him choose it now as the fit spot for a graver confession.

No one who saw the father and the son walking silently side by side could have guessed what the subject of their conversation would be when they should break into

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2012.

speech; no one who did not know them would even take them to be father and son—Ezra Pierce, wiry, tall, and bent, with his overcoat ill-buttoned and his ill-brushed hat; Winslow, slight and dapper, with his stylishly cut garments, his immaculate hat, and his silver-handled umbrella. Now and again a man who passed them would recognize Ezra Pierce; and sometimes he would nudge his companion and whisper the rich man's name. Once a New-Yorker pointed them out to a Western friend, with the remark, "That's Ezra Pierce, the Wall Street operator; he's worth ten millions easy; and that's his son with him." The Westerner looked after them and said: "Ten millions, eh? The boy's playing in luck, isn't he?" But neither the father nor the son heard this.

Just below Grace Church there is a huge store where wares of all sorts are vended, and in front of this gigantic establishment a showy coupé drove up, and Miss Daisy Fostelle alighted and crossed the sidewalk immediately in front of Ezra Pierce and his son. Winslow drew back involuntarily, but he made no sign of recognition as his glance met the flashing black eyes of the singer. She ignored him also, but a sarcastic smile lingered on her appetizing mouth for some time after.

It was five minutes before Winslow was able to master himself and begin. He swallowed more than once before he could articulate his opening word.

"Father," he said, "I've got something to tell you—something you won't like either. I'm in a scrape—in a very bad scrape, indeed—and you've got to help me out."

Then he paused, and swallowed again with difficulty. It seemed as though the inevitable confession would choke him.

"If you are in a scrape," Ezra Pierce replied, with the harsh tones he always used when he was not pleased, "you've got to get out yourself the best way you can. Don't count on me. I made a mistake once, in letting you have money to waste, and I'm not going to do it again."

"This time you've got to help me—if you don't want to see me go to prison," said the son, lowering his voice and glancing to the right and the left to make sure that no one was near enough to them to overhear him.

"Prison?" echoed his father, and he stopped and straightened himself and looked Winslow in the face.

"Don't do that," the son said, sharply; "people will see you. Yes—I said prison, and I meant it. If you don't want me to go to prison, you've got to help me out of this hole."

"You are not going to steal money, surely?" the father declared.

"I'm not going to do it—no, but I have done it," Winslow answered; "at least, I suppose that's what they'll call it."

"You have stolen money?" Ezra Pierce repeated; and even under the stress of emotion his voice was rasping.

"That's what I said," Winslow answered, in a hurry to get the whole story out while his courage held. "I've done like other men down on the Street—I've taken what didn't belong to me. I did it a long while ago—in the middle of the summer. It seems as if it was years since; and I've had my punishment, too. You needn't scold me; I guess I've suffered enough. But if you don't want to have me go to Sing Sing, you must help me to keep out. After all, *you* got me into this hole."

Ezra Pierce looked at his son. "So it's my fault that you have stolen somebody's money?"

"Yes," Winslow retorted, "it is. You gave me a lot of money—more than I ought to have had, I suppose—and then you cut me down all of a sudden at the very time when I had found out how rich I was going to be some day."

"After my death, you mean?" his father returned.

Winslow did not answer.

They walked on in silence for a minute. Then Ezra Pierce broke out: "Whose money have you taken? Mine?"

"Oh, I shouldn't mind that so much," Winslow answered; "you wouldn't send me to Sing Sing."

"I don't know," said his father, slowly; "I don't know that I wouldn't rather have you in Greenwood."

Winslow made no reply. The bleak hill-side plot at the cemetery rose before him, replacing the swift vision of the gray walls of the prison.

"You haven't told me whose money it is you have taken," the father went on.

"That's just it," said Winslow; "I don't know, for sure. I thought it was yours when I took it, but I'm afraid now that it isn't."

"Don't puzzle me!" cried his father; "don't keep me in suspense! Tell me the whole story—begin at the beginning. I know the worst now, I suppose; and I'd like to know what it is you want me to do to keep you out of jail?"

"Well, it's this way," the son began: "You know, I picked up a good deal of the Barataria Central stock you wanted? I got it here and there in small lots, mainly from the holders along the line, four shares here and seven there. And once, when I brought in one certificate for seven shares, I happened to think how easy it would be to raise the *seven* to *seventy*. It was only adding a cipher in one place and a *ty* in another. I saw that the man who had made out the certificate had a handwriting like mine. I believed that I could change the amount without danger of detection. And I was pushed for money then; you had cut me down; and I had debts and heavy expenses, and I had to have money in a hurry. Besides, I thought that the shares were going to be yours, and so—"

Ezra Pierce interrupted. "And so you did not see any wrong in robbing your father?"

"It was wrong, of course," the son explained; "but it wasn't like taking from anybody else, was it? You see, I knew all your money was going to be mine sooner or later."

Ezra Pierce said nothing. He was paler with an ashen paleness, and the lines in his face deepened.

"At any rate, that's what I did," Winslow continued. "Whenever I could get certificates for *six* or *seven* or *eight* or *nine* shares, I altered them to *sixty*, *seventy*, *eighty*, and *ninety*. You paid for them, and I got the money I needed to pay my debts and to get square generally. I thought you were going to keep them in your safe. I never dreamed you were ever going to sell them."

Apparently Ezra Pierce had hardly listened to Winslow's last sentences. It was with a groan almost that he broke out again, "My son a thief!"

Winslow winced, but he could not answer.

"How could you?" asked his father, in anguish—"how could you?"

"Oh, I had to have money somehow," said the son, "and I knew you wouldn't give it to me; so I took it. And it isn't my fault, really, that I'm in this scrape—it's yours. I was only trying to do what I've seen you doing again and again these two years that I've been down in the Street; I was trying to get something for nothing, that's all. That's what you do; only you're sharper than I am, and you don't get caught."

"Do you dare to tell me that I have ever robbed anybody of a dollar?" asked Ezra Pierce, in anger.

"You made a million dollars by the deal in General Ceramic, didn't you?" retorted Winslow. "Well, whose pockets did that come out of, I'd like to know? And this very Barataria Central stock—what did you want that for? You must have made a million on that operation, first and last; and if you are a million richer, somebody is a million poorer, of course. There isn't much difference between us, father, so far as I can see, except that you make your money out of other people and you get off, while I tried to make my money out of you and I've got left. And there's the difference, too, that I'm willing to look things in their face, and tell the truth about them, and call them by their right names, and you won't. But it's only the names that are different, it seems to me; the things are about the same."

Again Ezra Pierce made no immediate reply; but a minute later he said, "I never thought to be glad your mother was dead, but I ought to be now."

Winslow's voice trembled as he answered: "That's true, I'm afraid. I suppose it is best she shouldn't know what an awful fix I'm in. But, then, why did you sell those certificates? I should have been all right if you hadn't done that. I was staggered when I found out you had sold them—but then it was too late. I didn't say anything then, of course—what was the good then?"

"They are sold—those certificates that you forged?" his father asked.

"Yes," the son answered.

"Do the buyers suspect?" Ezra Pierce went on.

"That's just it," Winslow responded. "If they didn't suspect, I wouldn't be telling you about it now, would I?"

"How do you know they suspect?" the father continued.

"There was a man in the office yesterday asking questions," the son explained, "and he said he would make further inquiries to-day, when Sam Sargent came back."

"Sargent?" inquired Ezra Pierce, hoarsely. "What has he got to do with this? Is it he who has been leading you astray?"

"Sam Sargent got some of those altered certificates, and it was his clerk who was in yesterday asking about them," Winslow responded; "that's what Sam Sargent has got to do with it. All the leading astray he did was to give his good money for the certificates I've altered. And I guess he'll be mad when he finds it out."

"Sargent!" said Ezra Pierce. "That man stands in my way all the time."

"I know you won't like it, father; but there's only one thing for you to do," the son continued; "you've got to go to Sam Sargent now, this morning, and fix this thing somehow. Sam Sargent can send me to Sing Sing if he has a mind to; and if you don't want to see me go there, you've got to square things with him—beg off—or buy off—or something!"

Ezra Pierce looked his son in his eyes.

"And why shouldn't I want you to be in Sing Sing?" he asked, bitterly. "You would be out of mischief there, and I should know the worst."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO NEW REVENUE-CUTTERS.

In the *Daniel Manning* for Boston, and the *W. Q. Gresham* for the Great Lakes, the revenue marine will be augmented by two handsome high-powered vessels of considerable speed, fine sea-going qualities, and wide departures from the conventional small craft that heretofore have characterized the service.

Primarily they are designed for those duties peculiarly the province of the revenue-marine service; but they will be so constructed that upon short notice and with little work they may be converted into effective naval vessels, everything to that end receiving careful consideration.

In the vessel for the New England coast this is not particularly significant; but on the Great Lakes the *Gresham* will mark our first step toward equalizing the action of Great Britain in her construction of efficient modern cutters susceptible of easy and speedy transformation into a very superior naval force. While the international agreement of 1817, following the treaty of 1814, practically limits the naval display on the Great Lakes to one vessel on either side, there is nothing violative in the building of revenue-cutters of power and possible military usefulness.

The principal dimensions are:

	W. Q. Gresham.	Daniel Manning.
Length over all	205 feet 6 inches.	205 feet 6 inches.
Length between perpendiculars	188 "	188 "
Breadth of beam, moulded	32 "	32 " 10 "
Draught, mean	10 " $9\frac{3}{4}$ "	12 " 3 "
Displacement	906 tons.	980 tons.

The *Gresham* will be built of steel throughout, and will carry a fore-and-aft schooner rig of steadying sails. The *Manning* will be composite—*i.e.*, her frames will be of steel, together with her hull plating from the berth-deck line up, while her bottom and bilges will be of Georgia pine planking, lapping, for a distance of about two feet, the plating above the load-line, coppered to prevent the accumulation of marine growths, and so fastened to the frames and plating as to prevent galvanic action. She will have a brig-rig spread of canvas sufficient for cruising independently of steam-power.

The boats will have single screws of manganese bronze, actuated by vertical, direct-acting, triple-expansion engines, with high, intermediate, and low pressure cylinders of 25, $37\frac{1}{2}$, and $56\frac{1}{4}$ inches respectively, having a common stroke of 30 inches, and a turning velocity of 160 revolutions a minute when developing the 2000 indicated horsepower needed to induce a sustained sea speed of 16 knots an hour. The margin of possible power is so liberal that 17 knots may be expected under pressure; and in the case of the *Manning*, with canvas spread and a fair wind, the probabilities are even greater.

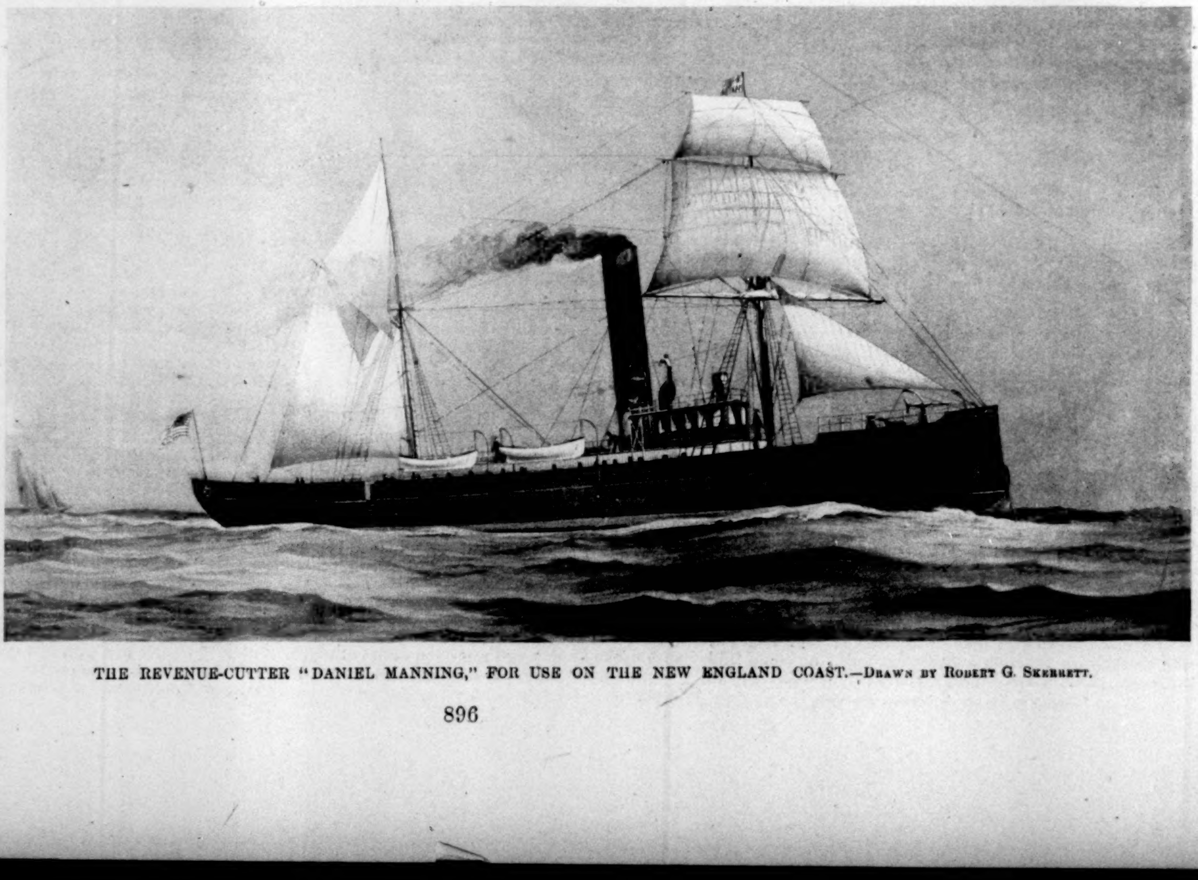
In each boat four single-ended "Scotch" boilers of the return-fire, fire-tube type, of $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet outside diameter and a length of 10, having apiece two $3\frac{1}{2}$-foot corrugated furnaces, an aggregate grate surface of 182 square feet, and a total heating surface of 5200 square feet, will supply the needful steam at a working pressure of 160 pounds. Two blowers in each fire-room will exhaust directly into the rooms when air-tight and running under forced draught.

A structural peculiarity of these boilers will be the use of only two steel plates in the longitudinal formation of each, thereby securing added strength with a limited number of joints or seams.

A hydropneumatic ejector will remove the ashes and discharge them overboard without taxing the fire-room force; and the steering, raising of anchors and other weights, will be accomplished by steam.

The normal coal supply will be 225 tons, giving a cruising steaming radius of 2000 knots at a speed of 10 knots an hour.

The armaments, ordinarily, will consist of the single 6-pounder Hotchkiss rifle carried on the forecastle-deck; but a reserve battery of two 1-pounders of like kind will be kept ready for instant installation, while structural support and provision will be made for the emplacement of four 4-inch rapid-fire guns where they will give the most efficient service and extended arc of fire.



THE REVENUE-CUTTER "DANIEL MANNING," FOR USE ON THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.—Drawn by Robert G. Skerrett.

A bow torpedo-tube will be built in each boat, and room will be allowed for the stowage of torpedoes and the fitting of the necessary launching apparatus when occasion demands.

The power of such an armament, even if only potential, becomes at once an encouraging supplement to the four 30-pounder rifles that now dignify the semicentennial *Michigan* in her lonely naval guardianship of wellnigh immeasurable and widespread territory.

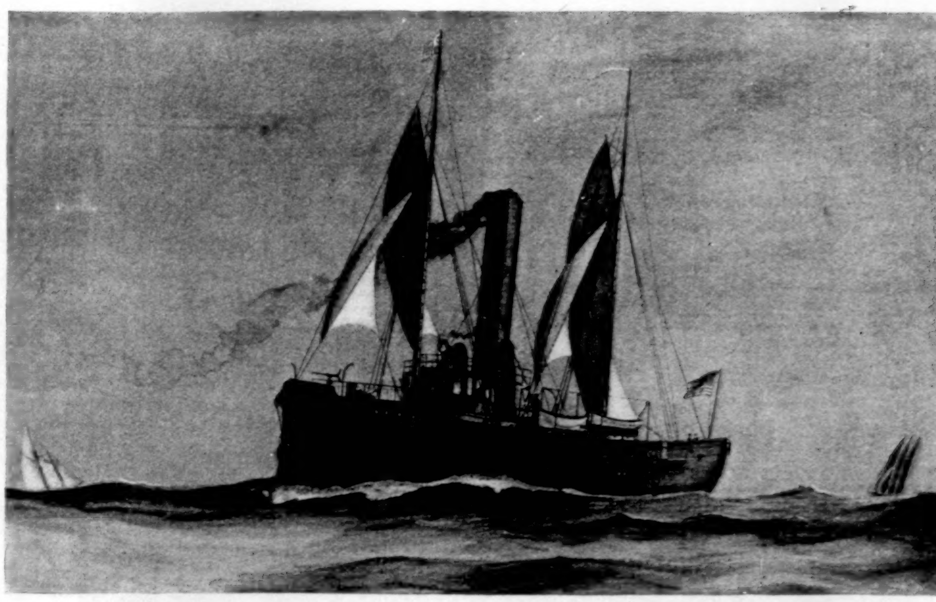
The boats will be lighted by electricity, and a search-light on each pilot-house will extend the scope of their usefulness to night-work. Comfort, efficiency, and convenience have been studied in every direction, and commodious and healthful accommodations are assured the complement of sixty persons.

The Congressional price-limit for each boat was $175,000. The *Manning* will be built at Boston by the Atlantic Works for $169,951, while the *Gresham* will be built at Cleveland, Ohio, by the Globe Iron-Works, for $147,800.

The modesty of these bids justifies wonder how the contractors can hope to make the smallest profit; but the well-known reputation of the builders leaves no doubt as to the thoroughness of the work and the fineness of the finished ships, which, by the contract, should be completed within twelve months.

Aside from their possible usefulness as naval auxiliaries, these vessels are really but needed agents in a service at once pitted against development in every direction, where power, speed, and sea-keeping qualities may mean the preservation of property amounting to millions, the collection of dues the value of these boats many times over, the accomplishment of missions requiring delicacy and diplomacy, and the saving of loss and life to be reckoned only by the broad valuations of humanity.

R. G. Skerrett.



THE REVENUE-CUTTER "W. Q. GRESHAM," FOR USE ON THE GREAT LAKES.—Drawn by Robert G. Skerrett.

OUR LAKE COMMERCE.

TO the average citizen of America, both East and West, the Great Lakes are little understood or appreciated, and it is difficult in this article to more than touch upon the more salient features of this great industry, which within the past few decades has attained such remarkable dimensions, and which is just now reaching forth in new directions, promising in the future to exert the same influence upon the passenger travel of the country that it has already wielded in the matter of freight rates.

It is only when one stands on the deck of one of the new modern steamships which now ply from Buffalo to Duluth, with the regularity and speed of express trains, and with all the luxury and completeness of workmanship of an ocean greyhound, that he is able to comprehend the strides that have been made in the naval architecture on the Lakes, and the enormity of the industry that has grown up about their borders.

Properly to appreciate this great commerce one should spend a few days at that busiest of all inland ports over which the American flag waves, the Sault Ste Marie, at the foot of Lake Superior, where one can place his finger on the very pulse-throb of this great artery of commerce.

It is not in a military sense "a rock-ribbed Gibraltar," although, strategically considered, Uncle Sam has quietly secured at Fort Brady a position where he can readily command the Lake commerce of both the United States and Canada; but the commerce of the Lower Lakes has been estimated by United States Engineer Cooley to almost equal that which passes in and out of the Mediterranean.

Some idea of the avalanche of American products that the Northwest is constantly passing through the portals of this granite cornucopia may be obtained from the fact that 14,491 vessels were "locked through" the canal during the 234 days of navigation of 1894. These vessels represented a registered tonnage of 13,110,366 tons, and transported 13,195,860 net tons of freight, representing a valuation of $143,114,501 97. When it is further remembered that these figures represent an increase of 23 per cent. in freight and 34 per cent. in registered tonnage over the previous year alone, the necessity for the improvements in the canal now in progress becomes apparent. These commodities include over thirty-four million bushels of wheat, nearly nine million barrels of flour, over six and a half million tons of iron ore, and over two and a half million tons of coal—figures so great as to almost baffle comprehension.

The Suez Canal has come to be looked upon as the point where the greatest tonnage of the world is concentrated. Yet, in spite of the fact that the season of 1894 was regarded as a dull one, owing to the prolonged strike among the Ohio miners, and labor troubles among the Lake Superior miners, and the St. Marys River Falls Canal was open but for 234 days, its tonnage exceeded that of the Suez Canal in 365 days by 5,071,331 tons.

"When the uncomprehensive statistician talks of the decline of our carrying trade," said Mr. Thomas J. Vivian, in his address before the World's Columbian Water Commerce Congress, two years ago, "he forgets, or does not choose to specify, that it is that branch only of the carrying trade which is conducted on the great ocean highway between ports of this country and the ports of other countries; and he omits to point out the compensatory fact that our salvation is found in the statistics of that part of our carrying trade which is conducted from domestic port to domestic port, and that which is conducted upon our inland waters."

The commerce of the Lakes is a national rather than international one, of which the gross net tonnage of American vessels on June 30, 1894, aggregated 1,227,400.72 tons, representing over 3000 craft and an investment of about $65,000,000. The total carrying capacity of the American fleet is approximated at 33,000,000 tons. On the other hand, the Canadians control a tonnage of less than 300,000 gross tons, according to some recently collected figures.

The basis of the Lake commerce is iron ore, and it only requires a few days' sojourning along the southern shore of Lake Erie to appreciate the magnitude of this traffic.

In the Perry-Payne building in Cleveland, which is to the Lake marine interests what the "Rookery" was wont to be to railroad interests in Chicago, I was told, the last week in June, that all the available ore in the Lake Superior district was already sold. In other words, all the ore that this great inland argosy could transport between then and the close of navigation had already found a market. To persons unfamiliar with the magnitude of this industry the real meaning of this statement loses much of its force. It was only when overlooking the great ore-docks from the parapet of the Cleveland viaduct at night, where I saw the great hoists and travelling cranes at work under a score of electric lights, as they dropped their iron maws into the hold of a modern freighter and drew forth tons of ore at a time, to carry it a thousand feet back upon the dock, time after time, as fast as machinery could operate, and when I recollected that at South Chicago, Ashtabula, Fairport, Toledo, and Erie this same scene was being repeated, some of the ports employing from thirty to fifty of these machines at a time, that I comprehended some measure of the meaning of this statement.

The United States consumed in 1890 something like seventeen and a half million gross tons of iron ore. Of this amount over sixteen million tons were of home production, and of this again the Lake Superior mines produced over nine million gross tons, "or more than one-half the raw material for a nation that leads the world in the output of pig-iron, Bessemer steel, and steel rails."

The reduction in freight rates that followed the introduction of modern Lake steamers is simply unparalleled in the history of transportation. In 1880 the contract rate per ton on ore from Marquette, Michigan, to Ashtabula was a larger sum than the ore itself would now bring if offered for sale on the docks of the Lower Lakes. The mammoth carriers which now line the Lakes are not only capable of transporting the total product of a 4000 acre bonanza wheat farm in their hold at one time, but carry a gross ton of ore for a hundred miles at a cost of less than one cent for fuel. The new 4000 and 5000 ton steamers now employed in the Lake trade carry a cargo which when transferred to rail at Buffalo requires the use of five freight trains of thirty cars each, with twenty-five tons to the car. Great as this cargo is, it can be loaded within 55 minutes and unloaded in 10 hours, and one of these vessels has been known to make thirty-nine trips in a season from Escanaba to Ashtabula.

The advance that has been made in marine architecture to secure this result is amazing. The best talent of Europe and America has been sought and secured for service in the ship-yards of Cleveland, Detroit, Toledo, and other Lake centres, and the highest class of workmen are employed in carrying out their designs. The tendency is altogether in the direction of larger carriers. Speed has given place to utility, and the massing of officers' quarters and mess-rooms at the forward and after portions of the freight ships to accommodate broader hatches for the rapid handling of cargoes has given some of the steamers a height of prow. Comfort has not been lost sight of, however, and the captain of a Lake liner has apartments that a member of the New York Yacht Club might envy. His hours of service on the bridge through the fogs and often snows of the Upper Lakes entitle him, it is thought, to a comfortable berth when he is fortunate enough to find it.

The old-time low-hulled sailing-vessel, with her clumsy rigging, is fast disappearing from the Lakes, and the modern 400 and even 500 footer, and the modern whaleback, the product of the American Steel Barge Company's ship-yards, are fast supplanting the old-time "tows." The latest addition to the variegated assortment of marine architecture on the Lakes has been in evidence in New York Harbor itself. It is steel canal-boats, both propeller and tow, that are to operate between Cleveland and New York by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River.

Engineer Cooley, of Chicago, in speaking of the wonderful effects exercised by these Lake ships on the transportation rates of the country, recently said:

"In the season of navigation more tons go out of Chicago eastward every week by water than by rail. A large proportion of the fleet prorate with the railways at Erie, Cleveland, and Buffalo. In this arrangement the rate by boat per ton per mile is about one-fifth to one-sixth that of the connecting railways. Our longest Lake routes are about 900 to 1000 miles—900 miles from Buffalo to Chicago, 1000 from Buffalo to Duluth. The rate on grain has run in the vicinity of 60 cents per ton in recent years. The return on coal has been down to 50 cents, and to Duluth as low as 25 cents, or less than you can get it shovelled for from the gutter across the sidewalk to the coal-hole."

The wonderful development of Chicago during the past decade is a matter of world-wide fame.

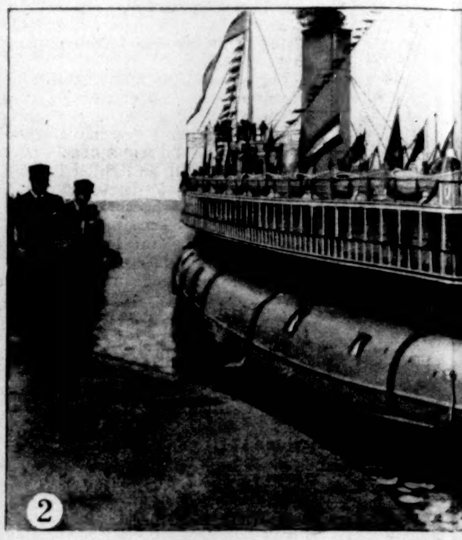
Buffalo, with its towering elevators and crowded docks, now about to bridle Niagara, is keeping rapid pace with Cleveland, which is already laying claim to being the metropolis of Ohio. Detroit, with its magnificent river, a mile in width, and as blue and sparkling as the Hudson, is perhaps the most appreciative of all the Lake cities of its marine advantages. Its charming city park on Belle Isle in the Detroit River, which is as though Central Park could be transferred to Blackwells Island and connected by bridge with New York, is a fine example of landscape engineering. It is not surprising to know, therefore, that Detroit increased in population from 1870 to 1890 by 161 per cent., Buffalo being only a little less progressive, and showing 116 per cent. of gain, while Milwaukee increased 185 per cent.

At the head of Lake Superior, Duluth and West Superior, with their incomparable harbor and wonderful strategic positions in the battle for commercial and industrial supremacy, have more than realized the wildest flights of Proctor Knott's humor. It is with no intention to discriminate unjustly against any of these magnificent municipalities that the credit of supremacy as the centre of this great marine industry is awarded Cleveland. She is not the first city of the Lakes, for she ranks but fourth in the volume of her receipts and shipments of freight. Chicago at the west and Buffalo at the east, being the terminals of these great waterways, naturally excel in the amount of tonnage handled there. Escanaba, Michigan, ranks as third, by reason of the immense shipments of iron ore, being exceeded in this respect by only one port in the world—Bilbao, Spain. But the palm is clearly due the Ohio port when it is remembered that the greatest investments involved in the Lake Superior mining industry and the ownership of transportation lines have come from Cleveland capitalists, and that fully 80 per cent. of vessel property is owned by them. It has been estimated that in 1892 there were $175,394,985 invested in this great industry.

The sale and movement of every ton of ore from this district is conducted by sales agents in Cleveland, who are owners of the mines to a large extent. The Cuyahoga Falls custom district, which merely embraces Cleveland and the Ohio ports of Ashtabula, Fairport, and Lorain, which are ports of the same municipal district, and controlled by Cleveland capitalists, is by far the largest district on the Lakes. Its net tonnage in 1890 was almost half as large as London's, and nearly equal to that of Hull and Glasgow combined. As compared to American ports, this district had 9,929,378 net tons as against New York's 12,646,555, and Philadelphia's 2,500,000, and Boston's 2,676,387.

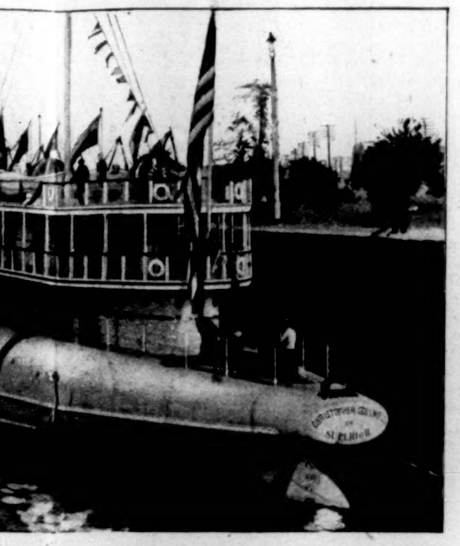
Standing on the bridge of one of the modern products of naval architecture, Captain Campau, of the Great Northern Steamship Company's new steamer *North Land*, recently remarked, "An inch of water just over this rock cost the country a million dollars, but I have piloted ten times that much property over in a single season, and I guess it's money pretty well invested."

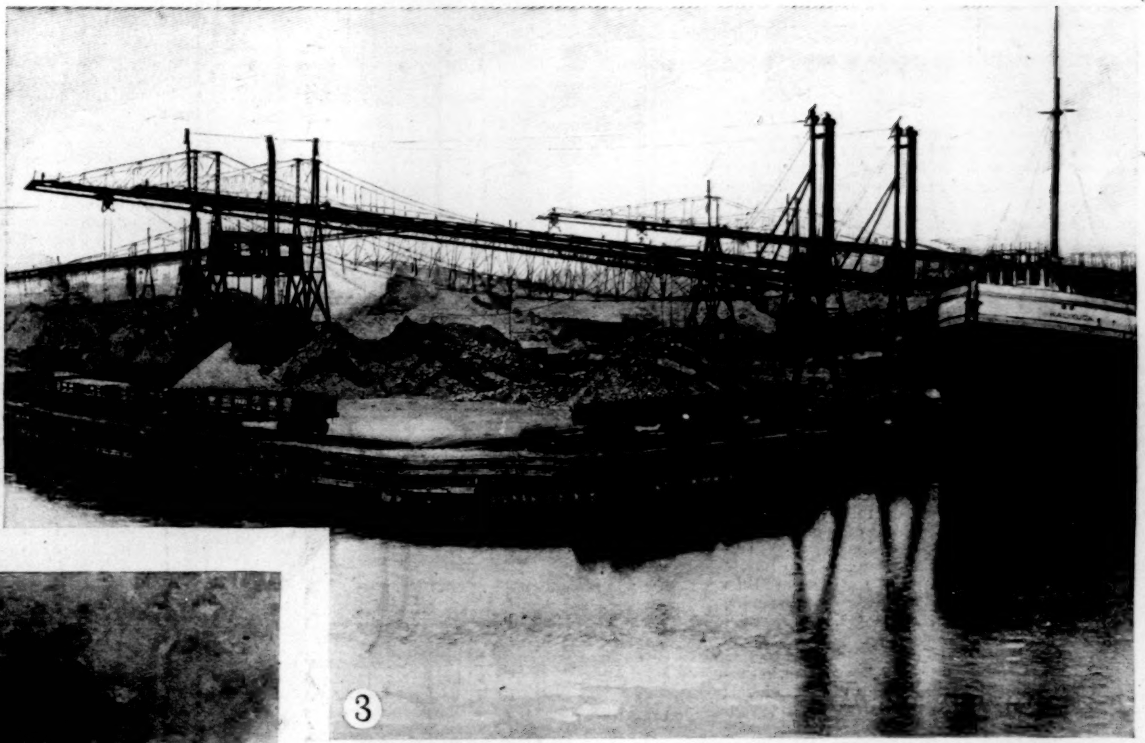
The great demand on the Lakes for many years has been for deeper channels and greater harbor facilities. This demand is now approaching realization. With the completion of the new lock at St. Marys River Falls Canal next year and of the 20-foot channel will come the remodelling of every other channel and harbor on the Lakes, from Buffalo to Duluth. The new lock at the "Soo," it is estimated, will cost when completed $4,738,865, while the price of the new Canadian lock, now ready for use, was $5,000,000. The American lock is described by General Orlando M. Poe, the United States engineer at Detroit, as follows: "It involves a navigable depth of 21 feet in prism and lock. The new lock (known as the 800-foot lock) occupies the site of the locks of 1895. It is 800 feet between the gates, 100 feet wide throughout, overcomes the difference of level by a single lift, and has a depth of

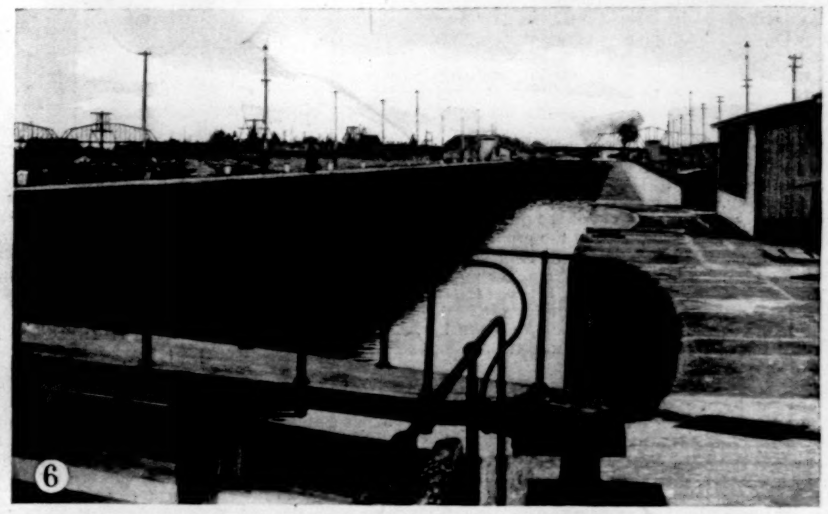


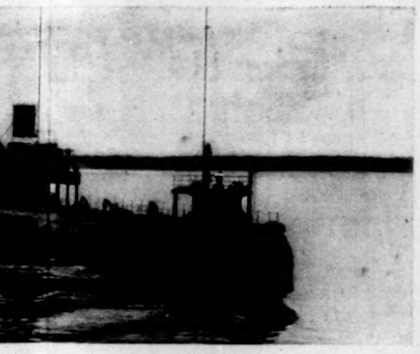
TRANSPORTATION ON THE GREAT LAKES. HOW THE CARRYIN

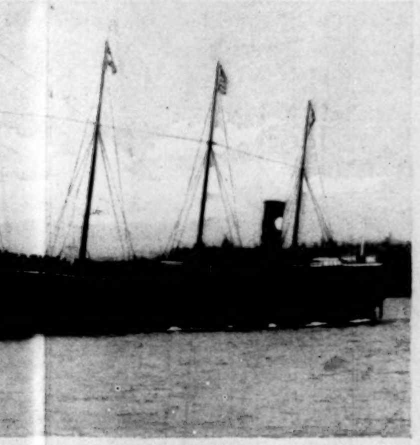
1. Duluth Docks, Head of Lake Superior. 2. Whaleback in Lock. 3. Loading Apparatus. 4. Daily Scene at American Lo
8. Whaleback Steamer on Lake Superior. 9.

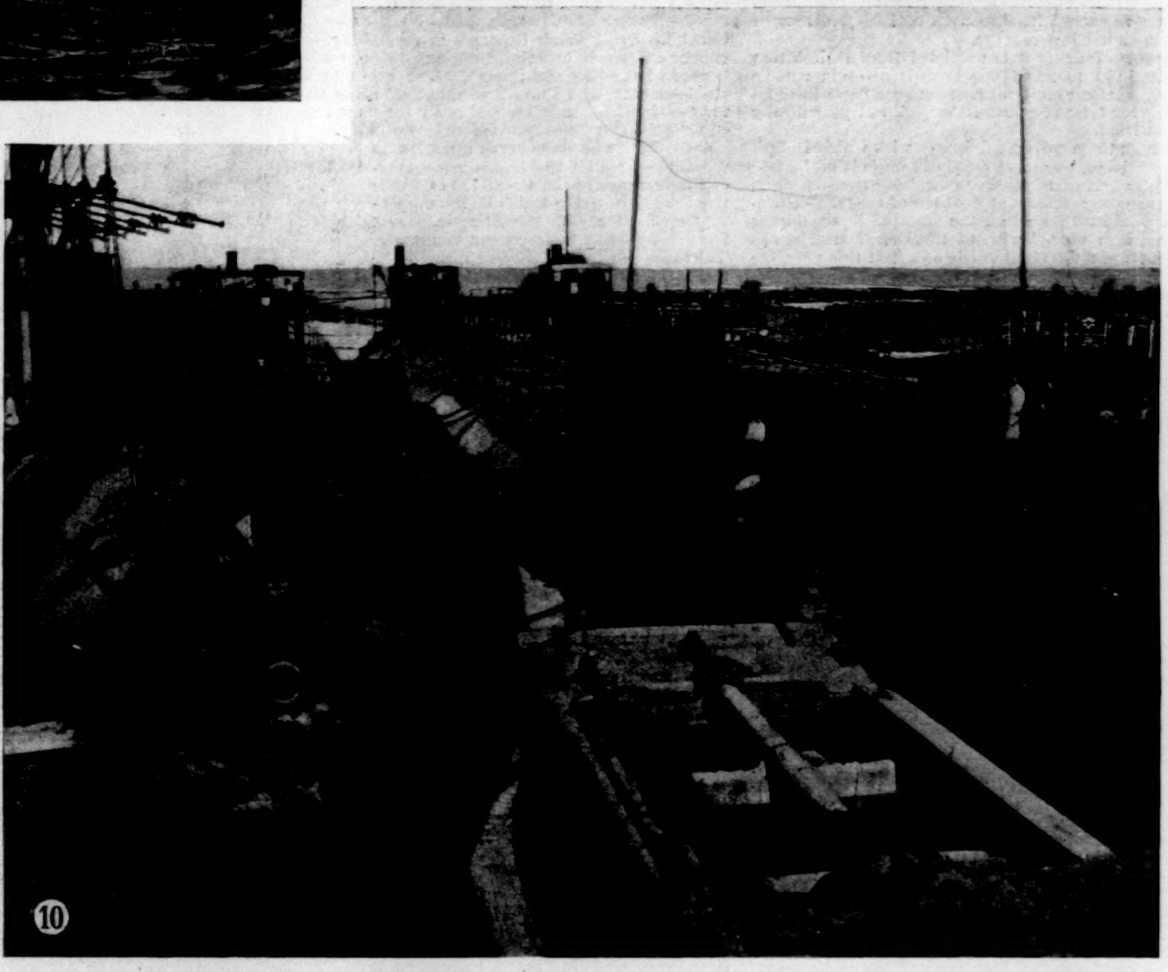












RYING TRADE IS CONDUCTED ON OUR INLAND SEAS.—[See Page 897.]

an Lock—Vessels awaiting their turn. 5. Steamships of the Great Lakes. 6. Canadian Lock. 7. After-Cabin of the *Northwest*.
9. A popular Freighter. 10. Conneaut Harbor.

21 feet of water over the mitre sills at a stage somewhat below the mean of the last twenty-two years. The construction is well advanced, and will soon be completed. It is to be operated by hydraulic engines actuated by turbines. It is expected that this lock will accommodate four vessels of the 350-foot type at a single lockage. Its capacity is 3,440,000 cubic feet, and the lock-chamber when filled will contain 23,338,000 gallons."

The Canadian lock is 100 feet longer than the American lock, but is only 60 feet wide, and will not permit of two vessels being locked abreast of each other, as may be done on the American side. Many changes have been made in the plans of both since their first inception to meet the rapid increase in the dimensions of the Lake craft.

The increased depth of water thus provided for at the "Soo" necessitates, of course, a corresponding change through all the channels of the Lakes and the harbors along their shores. The improvement in Hay Lake Channel, a few miles below the falls in the St. Marys River, has now been completed, and has a depth of 20 feet and a width of 100, thereby opening a new route through this tortuous river, a saving of about ten statute miles. It now remains for the various Lake ports to do their part toward meeting these newly imposed conditions.

The national government has made large expenditures on many of these harbors, and the cities are now thoroughly awakened to the necessity of improving their rivers and locks to accommodate the new class of steamers. The problem is an important and complicated one. It involves in many places the widening of piers and the reconstruction of the entire dock line along tortuous rivers, with the legal complications that are likely to follow public improvements. While many of the cities are thus being awakened to the necessity for prompt and specific action, it is not surprising that they look with suspicion upon the efforts made by Chicago to divert the waters of the lake to the drainage of the city.

Secretary Keep, of the Lake Carriers' Association, has recently shown that should a diminution of the Lake levels by three inches follow the completion of the Chicago enterprise, it would entail a decrease in the carrying capacity of the Lake fleet of 1,142,370 tons, and a reduction in earnings of $571,185. As to the truth of the hypothesis upon which these estimates are based there is of course some difference of opinion. Of the importance of the question, not alone to the vessel-owner, but to every farmer in the Dakotas, and every purchaser of a pound of steel in the United States, there can be no possible doubt, and in this case, as in others, prevention is perhaps the speedier remedy.

The season that opened so auspiciously seems destined to see even a more successful close, for it is in the closing months when the dangers of Lake navigation increase, insurance rates go up, and profits rise in proportion. The biggest boom in the Lake commerce of the present decade is on during these closing days, "and the profits," says a writer in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* of September 1st, "have doubled in the past month." From now until the close of navigation it will be a scramble between the shippers of iron ore, grain, coal, and lumber for the boats to ship them in. Vessel-owners, who for two years have been seeking cargoes, are now being wooed by brokers seeking carriers.

Chicago has thus far received this season about 250,000 tons of hard coal by rail as against 355,000 by lake. Pending the movement of general fall merchandise the railroads have been brisk bidders for coal. To Lake Superior, however, which is beyond rail competition, the coal men will be compelled to seek bottoms to transport their product. Buffalo is said to be from 200,000 to 300,000 tons short of its usual shipments, and it is expected that this will yet have to be made up before the close of navigation. Toledo expects to exceed its shipments of 1,000,000 tons of last year by a handsome figure.

Of the down freights it is predicted from Duluth that from 18,000,000 to 20,000,000 bushels of grain will be shipped from that wonderful port between September 1st and December 1st, as against 12,500,000 last year during the same period.

Aside from these wonderful figures with which Duluth deals exclusively, there are 4,000,000 bushels of barley; 1,500,000 bushels of flaxseed are awaiting transportation in the mammoth elevators at the head of the lake—elevators that would have held all the grain of Egypt during its "seven lean years" without trouble. Manitoba has alone produced 9,000,000 bushels of wheat this year, the largest crop ever sent from that phenomenal country.

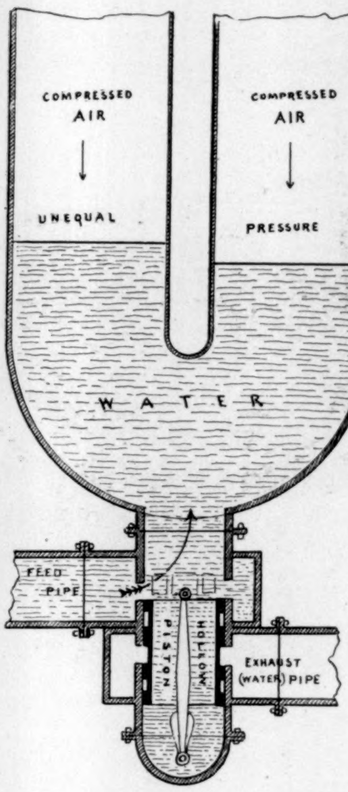
Nor do these startling figures end here. Of the 400,000,000 feet of lumber to be cut in the Menominee mills less than one-third has yet found shipment, so that there remains at least 250,000,000 feet yet to be shipped by lake alone. Ashland, near the head of Lake Superior, has 30,000,000 feet of lumber already on its docks awaiting shipment, and it is predicted that there will be 40,000,000 feet more before navigation closes. Added to these incomprehensible figures, Duluth, having already exceeded last year's figures by a trifle of 30,000,000 feet, still has 150,000,000 feet awaiting shipment. From these facts, coupled with the advance in ore rates, vessel men are enjoying a harvest such as wipes out the records for many years, and almost seems to recompense them for the vicissitudes of the two past seasons.

That in view of such figures as these the International Deep-Waterways Convention that is to assemble in Cleveland this month may well take it upon itself to guard these great interests is not surprising.

Nor is it surprising that with such interests to conserve, vessel men should view with alarm the recent report of the United States engineers appointed to examine the question of lowering Lake levels in order that one municipality on their borders may have better sewers and a cleaner river.

The cosmopolitan nature of the International Deep-Waterways Association is shown from its officers alone. Hon. O. A. Howland, M.P.P., of Toronto, is the international president; Hon. L. E. Cooley, of Chicago, is the United States vice-president; Hon. James Fisher, Q.C.M.P.P., of Winnipeg, is the executive secretary. The centres of local organization extend from Glace Bay, Cape Breton, to Saskatchewan and Assiniboia, including Port Henry (N.Y.), Boston, Cleveland, Denver, Pittsburg, St. Paul, Omaha, and Cheyenne.

The papers to be read will touch on such important subjects as "International Comity and Co-operation" (by President Howland), "Control and of the Outflow and



Levels of the Great Lakes System," "Free or Toll Canals," "High-Sea Regulations on the Great Lakes," "Effect of Deep Waterways on Marine Architecture," and "Is a Type of Vessel to Navigate Fresh and Salt Waterways Practicable?"

The wide range of interest involved, and the broad scope thus given to discussion, afford an excellent illustration of the international importance of this great lacustrine system and the argosies that float upon it.

WILLIAM STOKELY LLOYD.

OPENING THE GREAT LAKES TO THE SEA.

An open way to the heart of North America *via* the Great Lakes has been the dream of far-sighted and sagacious statesmen from the days of Colbert to the present time. Those vast inland seas, the greatest fresh-water system in the world, penetrating half-way across the continent, already bear a commerce greater, in tonnage at least, than all the foreign commerce from the ports of the United States. And they are still, to all intents and purposes, landlocked. Of the immense traffic they bear, ninety-five per cent. is reshipped by rail or by the Erie Canal, involving heavy expenses in rehandling, and still greater expense in bridging the short distance which lies between Lake Erie and the sea. It may be said, then, at the beginning, that a maritime canal affording an outlet for the Great Lakes is far and away the most important commercial enterprise now before this country.

Only those who have given attention to the subject realize the immense commercial importance of the Great Lakes or the possibilities of traffic which lie in an open-way connection with the Atlantic. Look for a moment at their present commerce. The tonnage passing last year through the Sault Ste. Marie was twice that passing Suez, while that of St. Marys Flats Canal (Detroit River) was five times that of Suez. The round figures are—Suez, 7,000,000 tons; Sault Ste. Marie, 12,000,000 tons; Detroit River, 35,000,000 tons. And this last is, for all practical purposes, a purely domestic commerce. Only five per cent. of the traffic of the Upper Lakes is brought down into Ontario. Only two and a half per cent. finds its way to the Atlantic *via* the St. Lawrence River. Careful estimates indicate a through traffic between the Lakes and the sea of upwards of 60,000,000 tons annually. The bulk of this now goes by rail, at ruinous freight rates. Were there an open way for ocean freighters from New York to Chicago and Duluth, at least two-thirds of this traffic would go by water. Capitalization or stock-watering aside, no one will insist that present freight rates are excessive. Nevertheless, water freights would not be more than one-half or possibly one-third the present rail cost. The direct saving in freights from a maritime canal would, it is estimated, reach $75,000,000 a year. And it is further calculated that the direct enhancement of farm values throughout the Western States tributary to the Great Lakes which would follow the opening of such a canal would reach the stupendous total of half a billion dollars a year.

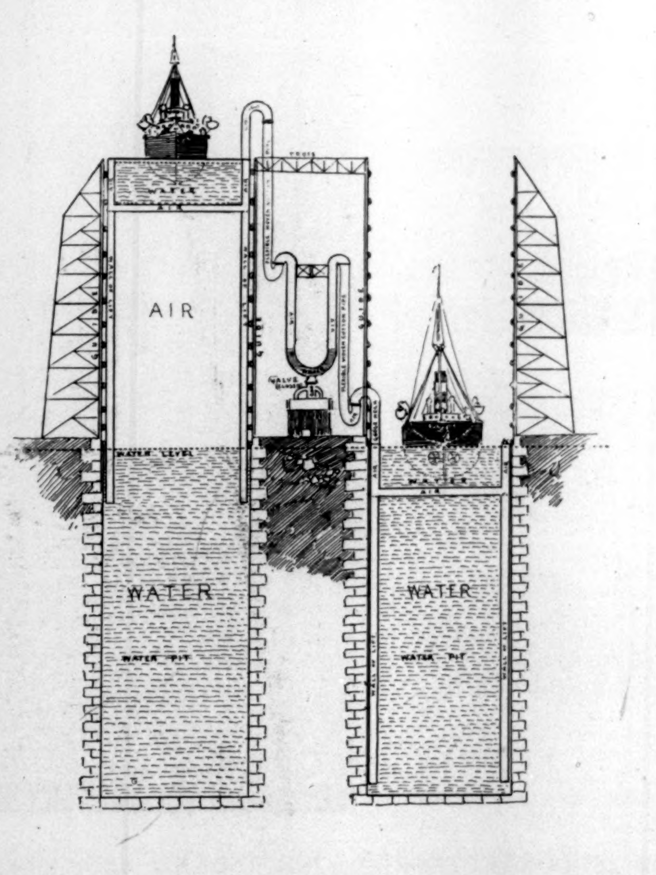
These figures, large as they are, relate simply to present conditions. They indicate broadly the prodigious commerce which must one day arise when the great inland oceans of the Northwest are open to ocean commerce, and it will be possible to sail or steam in a practically uninterrupted course from Duluth or Chicago to the ports of the Atlantic, to Liverpool, to Port Said, and the ports of the Black Sea. One hundred and thirty-four degrees of longitude intervene between Poti, at the eastern extremity of the Black Sea, and Duluth, at the western end of Lake Superior. By far the larger part of the wealth, the industry, the trade, and the civilization of the world is included between these terminals of the Mediterraneans of both hemispheres.

From the time population began to flow beyond the Alleghanies, and the interior of the continent began to be developed, the project of establishing a shipway from the ocean to the Lakes has been continuously in the minds alike of American and Canadian statesmen. The Erie Canal, the Welland Canal, the splendid works at Sault Ste. Marie and the countless millions spent at various other points, particularly along the St. Lawrence, represent the persistent efforts made by both the United States and the Canadian governments to attain such an end. But one great obstacle has intervened. That is the tremendous drop of three hundred and twenty-six feet from the level of Lake Erie to that of Ontario. A series of twenty-five locks are at present required to compass this difference in altitude, and they are practically nothing more than barge locks. The cost of a ship-canal, equipped with the present type of locks, would be simply prohibitive. Great as would be the traffic passing them, the expense of construction would lay too heavy charges upon this traffic to make them of commercial value. The Erie Canal, with seventy-two locks, has cost so far about $52,000,000. Twenty years ago ex-Governor Seymour estimated the cost of converting it into a ship canal at five hundred millions. And he was probably under the mark.

The boldest plans hitherto offered for a ship-canal between Lake Erie and the seaboard have none of them contemplated less than thirty-five locks, and one of the most feasible would have required fifty-five. To be adequate for the traffic they would bear, these locks would have to be as capacious as the new lock at Sault Ste. Marie, the largest and finest in the world. The latter is 800 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 21½ feet deep, and is costing more than $5,000,000. With locks like the Sault, the cost for lifts alone for the contemplated ship-canal would be at least $175,000,000 on the St. Lawrence route, and upwards of $250,000,000 on what is known as the Oswego route, that is to say, from Oswego to the Hudson. So long as nineteenth-century engineering was unable to advance beyond the lock invented by Leonardo da Vinci, about the time that Columbus discovered America, the problem could not be solved. The cost would have been too great for even governmental undertaking.

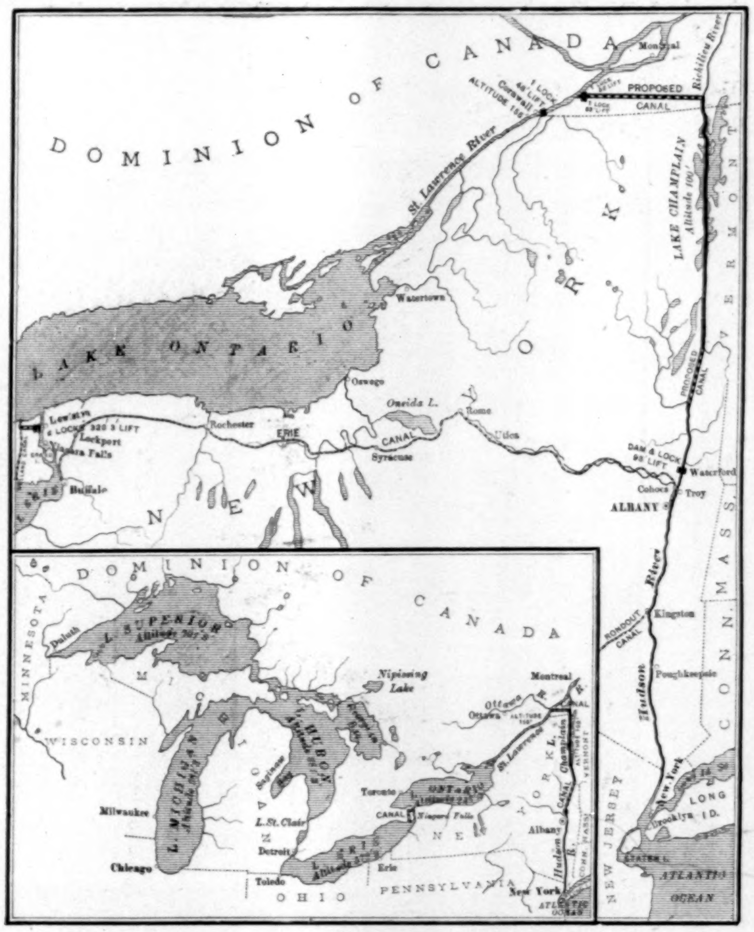
It has remained for an American engineer to cut the Gordian knot by the invention of a new lock, exceedingly simple in design, easy and cheap of construction, and quickly and inexpensively operated. In 1890 Chauncey N. Dutton, a young Pittsburg engineer, took out in the principal countries in the world letters patent for what he described as a pneumatic-balance lock. His design, revolutionary as it was, seemed, on the whole, so simple that engineers stared in wonderment that no one had thought of it before. Colonel Haskell had already applied the compressed-air principle to the pneumatic dry dock, now in use in all countries. Mr. Dutton proposed simply to make the pneumatic dry dock into a wet dock by building up the side walls and putting in end gates between them. Simple as this device appears, it puts navigation hydraulics upon an entirely new basis, and, in the judgment of the most eminent engineers, must revolutionize canal construction all over the world.

Merely to indicate the meaning of this new invention, it will now be possible to construct huge ship-lifts of equal size, and at least eight times as high as the greatest lock now in existence. Two locks, each lifting 160 feet, could replace the twenty-five locks now required along the Welland Canal. The cost of these new locks, built as large as the new lock at the Sault, would not be more than $3,000,000 each. They would pass a ship from Ontario to Erie in an hour, where it now requires a day. Indeed,



so greatly will this new device cheapen lock construction that canal enterprises, hitherto largely confined to governmental undertaking, are now brought into the range of practical commercial projects.

It is from the invention of the pneumatic-balance lock that Mr. Dutton has developed his huge scheme for a maritime canal, which has recently been before Congress and the Legislature at Albany. It will extend from the mouth of the Welland Canal on Lake Erie, utilize a portion of that canal, descend, by a pair of locks set tandem, into the Niagara River at a point about opposite Lewiston, utilize and enlarge the present Canadian canal system along the St. Lawrence River as far as Lake St. Francis, and there fork in two directions; one arm will reach by a new canal to Montreal, and thence by the St. Lawrence River to the sea, while another will extend from Lake St. Francis to Lake Champlain, reverse the current of that lake, and reach from the lower end of Champlain to Waterford, on the Hudson River. It will involve only about ninety miles of artificial canals, and afterwards fifteen miles of this will be cut out by the construction of a new canal from Lewiston, on the Niagara River, to a point above the Falls on the American side. The project will require the expenditure of a vast sum of money, but Mr. Dutton has associated with him some of the best-known engineers in the country, together with a number of heavy capitalists, and it is proposed to construct this gigantic system without a dollar of subsidy from either the Canadian or United States government. The Canadian Parliament, in chartering the North American Canal Company two years ago, gave it the right to use the summit levels of the Canadian canal system along the St. Lawrence and across the Welland Peninsula, to acquire and enlarge any present locks, and to construct such new locks and canals as will be required to complete the enterprise. Such national legislation as is needed in this country has been introduced in Congress by Senator Allison, of Iowa, and a bill authorizing the construction of that part of the canal lying in New York State, from Waterford on the Hudson to Lake Champlain, has recently been before the Legislature at Albany.



The Large Map shows Route of Proposed Canal and Size of Locks. The Small Map shows Territory which would be opened for Ocean-going Freighters by Canada.

Specifically, Mr. Dutton proposes to build a canal equipped with locks of sufficient size so that an ocean freighter like the *Cevic* may sail at river speed from New York to Chicago, and that without material interruption. He proposes a canal system with locks of 26 feet draught, 65 feet wide, and 510 feet clear length, which will lift vessels carrying 12,000 tons of freight. In place of the thirty-five to fifty-five locks required in any other plan yet proposed for a similar canal, this project involves but five. In a word, instead of an estimated expenditure of at least $200,000,000 for locks, the latter, under the new construction, will not require more than $15,000,000. The projector estimates that to carry the first ocean steamship from New York to Chicago will require the expenditure of $100,000,000, and to complete the canal to enable vessels like the *Cevic* to make river speed through the dredged channels will require the outlay of as much again—in all, some $200,000,000.

It is the belief of Mr. Dutton and the engineers associated with him that there is no economy, but, on the contrary, the utmost folly, in cheap or pinched construction. He points to the limited traffic on the Suez Canal as an example. This is only 72 feet wide on the bottom, and can handle advantageously but 7,000,000 tons per year. Furthermore, in order to enable vessels to pass, a system of "gares" or side cuts has been introduced. The latter are productive of endless trouble and delay, since the vessels are continually running aground, and both time and expense involved in putting them again on their way. On the other hand, the St. Clair Flats Canal, at Detroit, is 250 feet wide, and handles 35,000,000 tons per year. The Suez ditch is evidently too shallow and too narrow. The maritime canal therefore proposes channels at least as large as the St. Clair Flats Canal, and ultimately much larger. The canals will, when fully completed, be in reality short artificial rivers, 300 feet wide on the bottom, 420 feet or wider at the surface, and exceeding 30 feet in depth. This will enable the largest freight-steamers to pass freely, and average as high speed between Buffalo and New York as between Buffalo and Chicago and Duluth. The locks, of course, will be of proportionate size; and since they are so few in number, it will be practical economy to build them to a size adequate for the expected traffic.

The preliminary work will be the construction of a new Welland Canal. This will require the construction of a new aqueduct over the Chippewa or Welland River, and an entirely new canal from Thorold, eight miles long, to Queenston, opposite Lewiston, on the Niagara River. Two lifts of 160 feet each, set tandem, will let traffic down to the head of navigation on the lower Niagara. The cost of this work will be about $10,000,000, and will open navigation from the farthest end of Superior to Cornwall, on the St. Lawrence. It is computed that the present traffic which would pass naturally through the new canal will put the company on a dividend-paying basis—a fact which I mention merely to indicate how entirely novel this whole proposition is. The construction of a new canal and lock at Cornwall will open navigation to Lake St. Francis, with an expenditure of about three millions. The canal from Lake St. Francis to Lake Champlain will require about $15,000,000. This will leave something like $70,000,000 with which to reach Montreal and build the canal from Champlain to the Hudson. The latter is really the only heavy work involved, and will probably cost upwards of $50,000,000. This cannot be skimped, since the Hudson from Waterford to Coxsackie cannot be kept open unless more water is brought in, and the only available supply is from Lake St. Francis on the St. Lawrence.

The enterprise under view does not, however, stop with the construction of what will be unquestionably the greatest and most important canal in the world. It boldly proposes to divert a portion of the waters of the St. Lawrence into Lake Champlain, reverse the current of that lake, and turn it into the Hudson, developing at Waterford, New York, the point of discharge, an immense water-power, equivalent to perhaps one-third the energy of Niagara. There will be a fall at Waterford of ninety-eight feet. A similar water-power will be developed at Queenston, on the Niagara, at Cornwall, on the St. Lawrence, and at Montreal. It is proposed to construct immense electric-power plants, and to distribute electricity from these points to all the surrounding country, just as is now being done at Niagara Falls. The power at Waterford will, it is estimated, do much of the work of New York and New England now done by steam, and supply New York, Boston, and other cities with electricity, light, heat, and power.

The whole project, bold as it is in its every aspect, rests upon the simplest of mechanical devices. The pneumatic-balance lock deserves a more extended description than I can afford it here. Put in the simplest way, each lock is nothing more than two huge tanks, built of steel, and put bottom to bottom. One of the tandem locks proposed at Niagara will serve as an example. It is primarily an immense steel caisson of tank structure working up and down in a water-well or pit formed in the lower level of the canal. The lock *per se* will be a tank 65 feet wide, 510 feet long, and hold about 26 feet of water. The lift here will be 160 feet. Now conceive that the walls of this big tank are extended downward so as to make the total height rather more than the height of the lift, forming another huge box opening downward, and you will have a very fair idea of the mechanical construction. The lower box will be filled with compressed air and will be sunk in a deep well in the bottom of the canal. Thus immersed, the water forms a natural seal. This lock will be connected with another of exactly similar construction, placed about 1000 feet away, by pipe or conduit 21 feet in diameter. This pipe, where it connects immediately with the locks, is flexible, moves up and down with the latter, and looks like nothing so much as a monster elephant's trunk. The amount of compressed air in the two tanks is stationary, and with the same amount of water in each of the upper tanks, the lock proper, the two are balanced very much like a pair of scale beams, compressed air taking the place of the scale balance. When one of the two locks is raised the other is depressed. It follows, therefore, that if a little more water is let into the tank of the upper lock, the balance will be displaced, causing the upper lock to sink, and forcing the compressed air through the conduit into the other air-chamber, with the result of forcing the lower lock to rise. The compressed air flows rapidly from one chamber to the other, and the whole moves as swiftly as is consistent with safety. The whole principle is exactly the same as that of the balance scale, the motion being due to a small difference in the total weights of the water in the two locks. The latter, of course, move up and down, oppositely and synchronously. The description is as untechnical as well may be; the responsibility for it rests entirely with the present writer, this article not being intended so much for the eye of engineers.

In place, therefore, of the slow, clumsy, and enormously costly lock system now in use, whereby a vessel is let into the empty lock, the gates closed, and the vessel raised by slowly filling the well, or, *vice versa*, lowering by emptying the well, the new proceeding will be this: a vessel will be let into both the raised and depressed locks, or, in the absence of two vessels, enough water let into the empty tank of the empty lock to about equalize the weight of the other; then enough water is let into the upper lock to displace the balance; the compressed-air conduit is opened, the brakes set free, the upper lock sinks, the lower rises, the position of the two is reversed, the gates are opened, the vessels cleared, all in a few minutes.

It is only a nineteenth-century brain which would take a huge ocean freighter, loaded to the line, slide it into a monstrous steel tank, and lift it 160 feet in the air without a jar, automatically, the mechanism, so to speak, doing the whole thing itself, no outside motive power, all as simple as a pair of scale pans, and a man or boy at the valves controlling and directing with perfect surety the whole gigantic operation! Here assuredly is a mechanical achievement fit to rank beside the finest of the century.

The peculiar utility of compressed air, as applied to lift ships in dry docks and locks, lies in that it gives an elastic support directly beneath the load; it makes the pressure independent of the height of the lift, and it flows with twenty-eight times the velocity of water. The air-charge is kept at a uniform working-pressure above the atmosphere by a small equalizing tank, which automatically takes care of the changes in volume due to changes in the temperature and density of the outside air. The working-pressure in an ordinary lock is 14⅘ pounds to the square inch above the atmosphere. The locks are to be equipped with an auxiliary hydraulic apparatus to level and actuate them while in motion. At Niagara the locks will be set tandem; at other points they will be built in pairs.

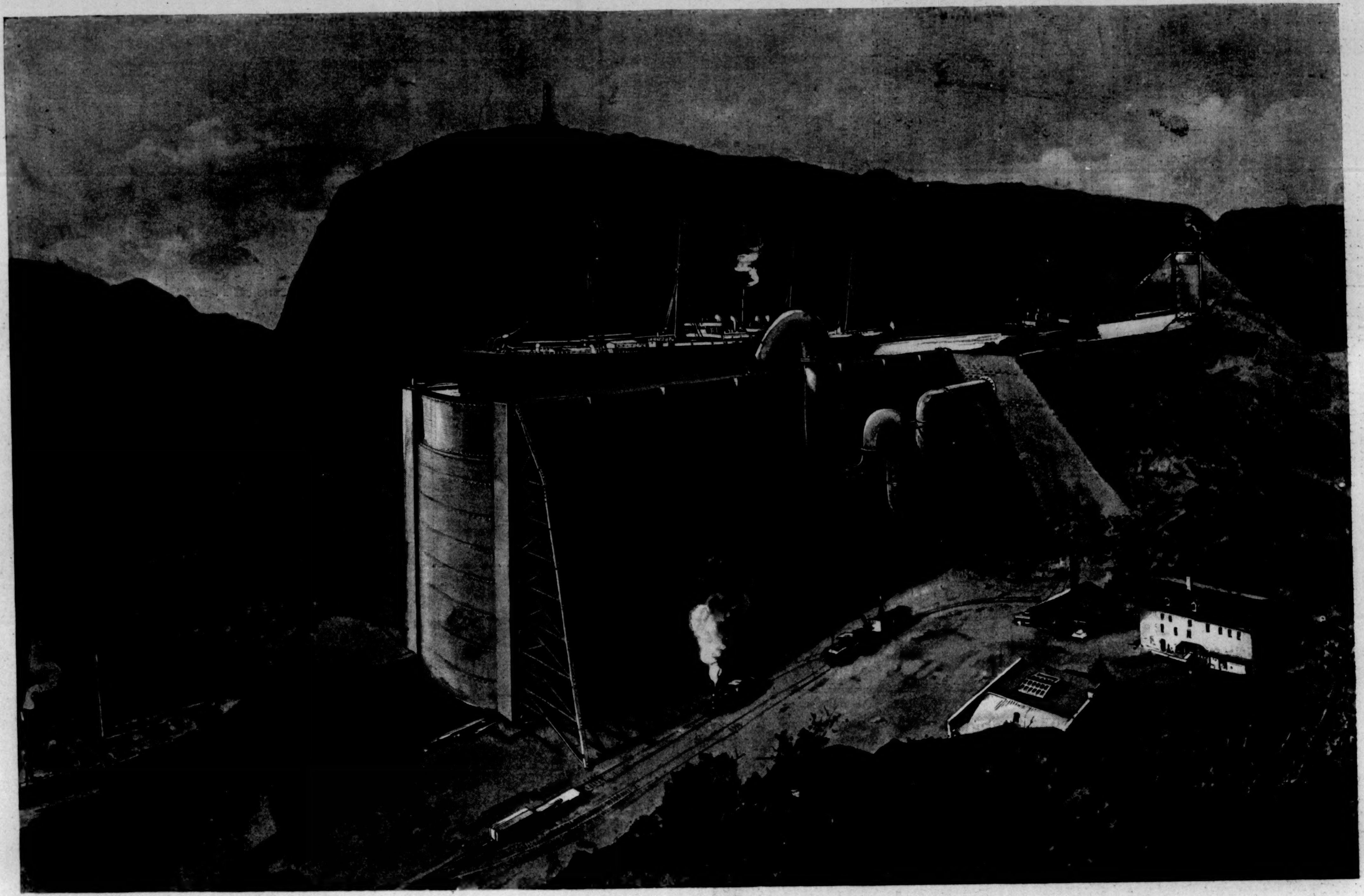
It is not easy to estimate the great and far-reaching effects which will follow the successful introduction of this new lock. It solves the problem not only of cost and quickness of operation, but of water supply as well, since the amount of water required for their operation cuts practically no figure at all. In the present instance it makes possible an ocean ship-canal from the Great Lakes to the sea that will give New York an open water route of communication with the heart of the continent. It will make the lake cities, Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Duluth, practically seaports; it will immensely cheapen breadstuffs, lumber, coal, and other products, which have to be brought from the interior or from the distant West under heavy freight charges; it will make possible the competition of Eastern manufacturers with those of the middle West, thus lightening the cost of the necessaries of life alike to the dwellers along the seaboard and in the interior; it will open up the most important water commerce of the Western hemisphere.

But this is not all. A successful maritime canal would mean other and similar enterprises of incalculable value. A few years ago it was a popular belief that steam and the railroads would drive out the canal-boat. Canal construction in the United States almost ceased, or was undertaken under protest. If it now appears possible to build canals so cheaply as to make them feasible subjects for private enterprise, it is easy to predict that canal construction will experience a healthy revival, and our vast system of waterways, connected and interlaced by artificial channels, will once more resume their normal position as carriers of commerce. The meaning of this is great, for in the United States the transportation problem is one of deep and peculiar import. The greater part of the transfer of merchandise and products from one part of the country to the other is now effected by rail, at enormous expense. The annual amount paid the railways of the United States alone in freight charges reaches the stupendous total of $800,000,000 a year. This is more than the value of the corn crop of the whole country, more than that of the wheat and cotton crops combined. It equals in a single year the entire product of gold and silver of the United States for the last decade.

Mr. Dutton has prepared elaborate statistical tables to show the cheapening of freight rates, and the consequent enhancement of the value of farm products, which would follow the opening of this proposed maritime canal. He computes that the Western farmer now gets but about 20 cents per bushel for wheat which sells at the seaboard for 50 cents, while anthracite coal, which costs $1 25 to mine, costs him $7 to $9 per ton. Water transportation would, in lower freight charges and a saving of two or three handlings, add at least five cents per bushel to the price of grain the farmer now receives. In meats the saving would be even greater, since the boats could be utilized directly for cold storage, while many other products, such as hay, straw, and the like, which can now hardly be shipped at all, could be sold at a profit.

All in all, Mr. Dutton estimates that the canal would add the vast sum of $450,000,000 annually to the value of the products of sixteen Western States, from which he concludes that something like $1,800,000,000 would be added to the value of the farms in these States in consequence of the opening of the canal. These are prodigious figures—rather more than the mind can grasp in a moment—and I am not prepared to more than report them here. But certainly no one who has attentively studied the subject may doubt that the proposed canal is fraught with vaster consequences and is of more intimate concern to the northern half of this country and to Canada than any other commercial enterprise projected since the beginning of railway construction in America.

Carl Snyder.



JOINING THE GREAT LAKES WITH THE OCEAN—A PNEUMATIC BALANCE LOCK ON THE PROPOSED SHIP-CANAL.—DRAWN BY W. LOUIS SONNTAG, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 900.]

A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX.

BEING SOME ACCOUNT OF THE DIVERS DOINGS OF THE ASSOCIATED SHADES.

(*Publication Authorized by the House Committee.*)

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

V.—THE HOUSE COMMITTEE DISCUSS THE POETS.

"THERE'S one thing this house-boat needs," wrote Homer in the complaint-book that adorned the centre table in the reading-room, "and that is a Poets' Corner. There are smoking-rooms for those who smoke, billiard-rooms for those who play billiards, and a card-room for those who play cards. I do not smoke, I can't play billiards, and I do not know a trey of diamonds from a silver salver. All I can do is write poetry. Why discriminate against me? By all means let us have a Poets' Corner, where a man can be inspired in peace."

For four days this entry lay in the book apparently unnoticed. On the fifth day the following lines, signed by Samson, appeared:

"I approve of Homer's suggestion. There should be a Poets' Corner here. Then the rest of us could have some comfort. While playing *vingt-et-un* with Diogenes in the card-room on Friday evening a poetic member of this club was taken with a most violent fancy, and it required the combined efforts of Diogenes and myself, assisted by the janitor, to remove the frenzied and objectionable member from the room. The habit some of our poets have acquired of giving way to their inspirations all over the club-house should be stopped, and I know of no better way to accomplish this desirable end than by the adoption of Homer's suggestion. Therefore I second the motion."

Of course the suggestion of two members so prominent as Homer and Samson could not well be ignored by the House Committee, and they reluctantly took the subject in hand at an early meeting.

"I find here," said Demosthenes to the chairman, as the Committee gathered, "a suggestion from Homer and Samson that this house-boat be provided with a Poets' Corner. I do not know that I approve of the suggestion myself, but in order to bring it before the Committee for debate I am willing to make a motion that the request be granted."

"Excuse me," put in Doctor Johnson, "but where do you find that suggestion? 'Here' is not very definite. Where *is* 'here'?"

"In the complaint-book, which I hold in my hand," returned Demosthenes, putting a pebble in his mouth so that he might enunciate more clearly.

A frown ruffled the serenity of Doctor Johnson's brow.

"In the complaint-book, eh?" he said, slowly. "I thought House Committees were not expected to pay any attention to complaints in complaint-books. I never heard of its being done before."

"Well, I can't say that I have either," replied Demosthenes, chewing thoughtfully on the pebble, "but I suppose complaint-books are the places for complaints. You don't expect people to write serial stories or dialect poems in them, do you?"

"That isn't the point, as the man said to the assassin who tried to stab him with the hilt of his dagger," retorted Doctor Johnson, with some asperity. "Of course complaint-books are for the reception of complaints—nobody disputes that. What I want to have determined is whether it is necessary or proper for the complaints to go further."

"I fancy we have a legal right to take the matter up," said Blackstone, wearily; "though I don't know of any precedent for such action. In all the clubs I have known the House Committees have invariably taken the ground that the complaint-book was established to guard them against the annoyance of hearing complaints. This one, however, has been forced upon us by our secretary, and in view of the age of the complainants I think we cannot well decline to give them a specific answer. Respect for age is *de rigueur* at all times, like clean hands. I'll second the motion."

"I think the Poets' Corner entirely unnecessary," said Confucius. "This isn't a class organization, and we should resist any effort to make it or any portion of it so. In fact, I will go further and state that it is my opinion that if we do any legislating in the matter at all, we ought to discourage rather than encourage these poets. They are always littering the club up with themselves. Only last Wednesday I came here with a guest—no less a person than a recently deceased Emperor of China—and what was the first sight that greeted our eyes?"

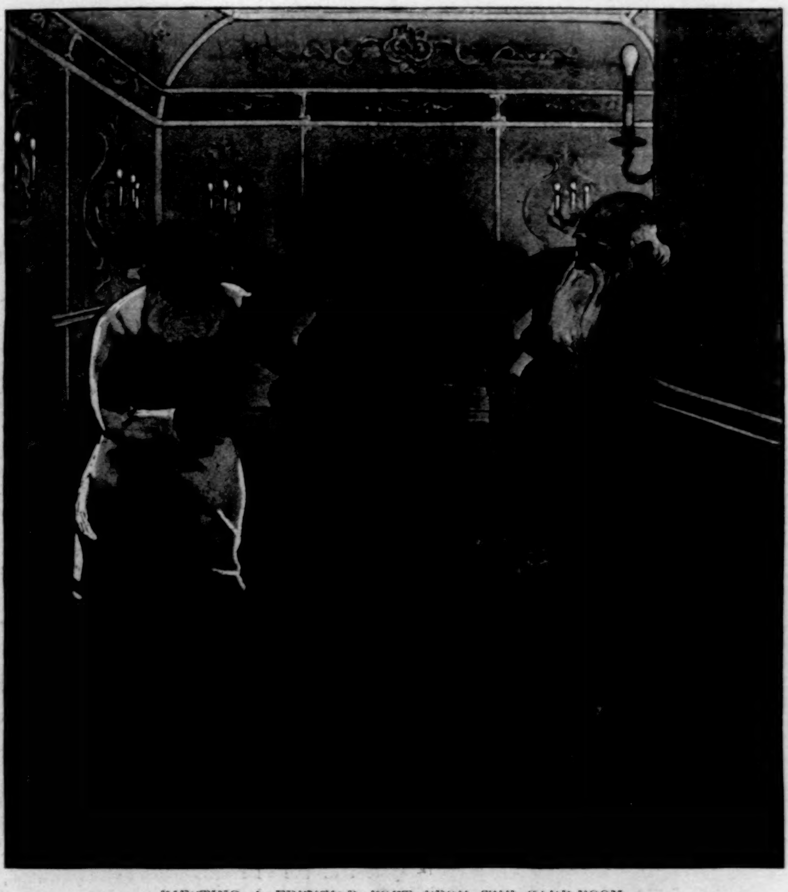
"I give it up," said Doctor Johnson. "It must have been a catacornered sight, whatever it was, if the Emperor's eyes slanted like yours."

"No personalities, please, Doctor," said Sir Walter Raleigh, the chairman, rapping the table vigorously with the shade of a handsome gavel that had once adorned the Roman Senate-Chamber.

"He's only a Chinaman!" muttered Johnson.

"What was the sight that greeted your eyes, Confucius?" asked Cassius.

"Omar Khayyam stretched over five of the most comfortable chairs in the library," returned Confucius; "and when I ventured to remonstrate with him he lost his temper, and said I'd spoiled the whole second volume of the Rubáiyát. I told him he ought to do his rubáiyátting at home, and he made a scene, to avoid which I hastened with my guest over to the billiard-room; and there, stretched at full length on the pool-table, was Robert Burns trying to write a sonnet on the cloth with chalk in less time than Villon could turn out another, with two lines start, on the billiard-table with the same writing materials. Now I ask you, gentlemen, if these things are to be tolerated? Are they not rather to be reprehended, whether I am a Chinaman or not?"



EJECTING A FRENZIED POET FROM THE CARD-ROOM.

"What would you have us do, then?" asked Sir Walter Raleigh, a little nettled. "Exclude poets altogether? I was one, remember."

"Oh, but not much of one, Sir Walter," put in Doctor Johnson, deprecatingly.

"No," said Confucius. "I don't want them excluded, but they should be controlled. You don't let a shoemaker who has become a member of this club turn the library sofas into benches and go pegging away at bootmaking, so why should you let the poets turn the place into a verse factory? That's what I'd like to know."

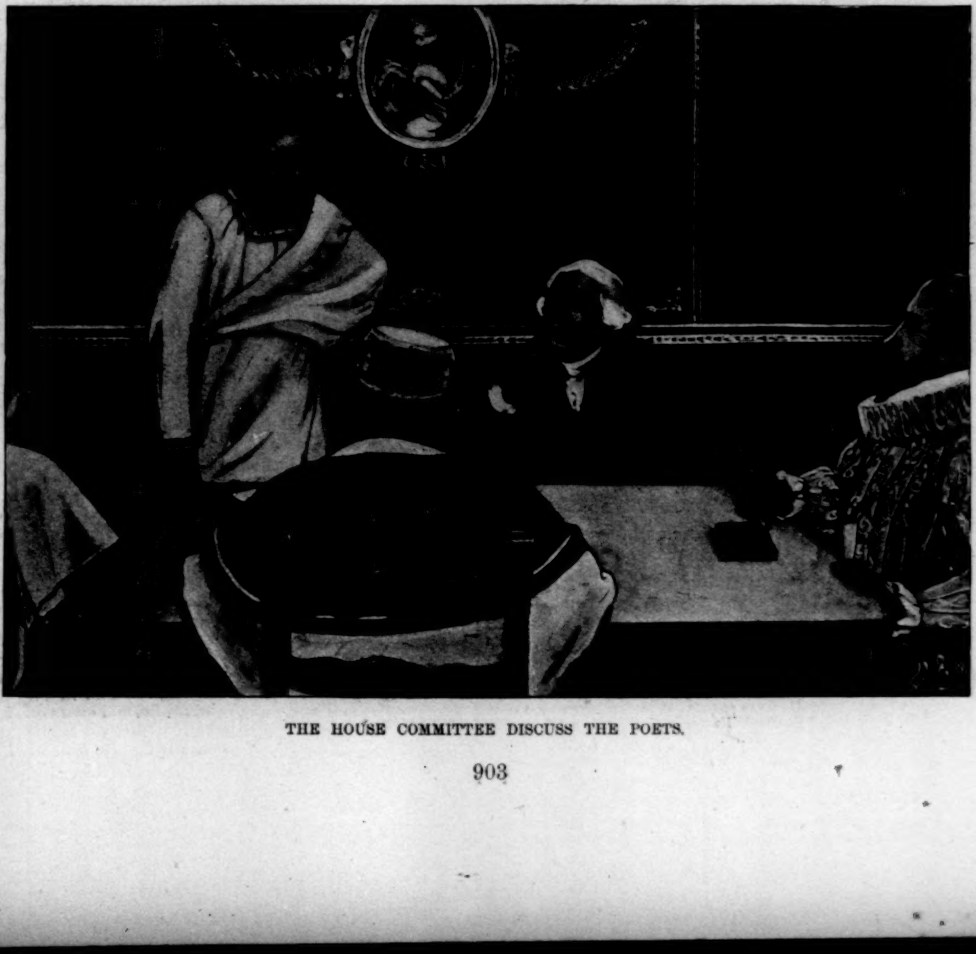
"I don't know but what your point is well taken," said Blackstone, "though I can't say I think your parallels are very parallel. A shoemaker, my dear Confucius, is somewhat different from a poet."

"Certainly," said Doctor Johnson. "Very different—in fact, different enough to make a conundrum of the question—what is the difference between a shoemaker and a poet? One makes the shoes and the other shakes the muse—all the difference in the world. Still, I don't see how we can exclude the poets. It is the very democracy of this club that gives it life. We take in everybody—peer, poet, or what not. To say that this man shall not enter because he is this or that or the other thing would result in our ultimately becoming a class organization, which, as Confucius himself says, we are not and must not be. If we put out the poets to please the sage, we'll soon have to put out the sage to please the fool, and so on. We'll keep it up, once the precedent is established, until finally it will become a class club entirely—a Plumbers' Club, for instance—and how absurd that would be in Hades! No, gentlemen, it can't be done. The poets must and shall be preserved."

"What's the objection to class clubs, anyhow?" asked Cassius. "I don't object to them. If we could have had political organizations in my day I might not have had to fall on my sword to get out of keeping an engagement I had no fancy for. Class clubs have their uses."

"No doubt," said Demosthenes. "Have all the class clubs you want, but do not make one of this. An Authors' Club, where none but authors are admitted, is a good thing. The members learn that there are other authors than themselves there. Poets' Clubs are a good thing; they bring poets into contact with each other, and they learn what a bore it is to have to listen to a poet reading his own poem. Pugilists' Clubs are good; so are all other class clubs; but so also are clubs like our own, which takes in all who are worthy. Here a poet can talk poetry as much as he wants, but at the same time he hears something besides poetry. We must stick to our original idea."

"Then let us do something to abate the nuisance of which I complain," said Confucius. "Can't we adopt a home rule that poets must not be inspired between the hours of 11 A.M. and 5 P.M., or in the evening after eight; that any poet discovered using more than five arm-chairs in the composition of a quatrain will be charged two oboli an hour for each chair in excess of that number; and that the billiard-marker shall be required to charge a premium of three times the ordinary fee for tables used by versifiers in lieu of writing-pads?"



THE HOUSE COMMITTEE DISCUSS THE POETS.

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," said Sir Walter Raleigh. "I, as a poet, would not object to that. I do all my work at home, anyhow."

"There's another phase of this business that we haven't considered yet, and it's rather important," said Demosthenes, taking a fresh pebble out of his bonbonnière. "That's in the matter of stationery. This club, like all other well-regulated clubs, provides its members with a suitable supply of writing materials. Charon informs me that the waste-baskets last week turned out forty-two reams of our best correspondence paper on which these poets had scribbled the first draft of their verses. Now I don't think the club should furnish the poets with the raw material for their poems any more than, to go back to Confucius's shoemaker, it should supply leather for our cobblers."

"What do you mean by raw materials for poems?" asked Sir Walter, with a frown.

"Pen, ink, and paper. What else?" said Demosthenes.

"Doesn't it take brains to write a poem?" said Raleigh.

"Doesn't it take brains to make a pair of shoes?" retorted Demosthenes, swallowing a pebble in his haste.

"They've got a right to the stationery, though," put in Blackstone. "A clear legal right to it. If they choose to write poems on the paper instead of boring people to death with letters, as you do, that's their own affair."

"Well, they're very wasteful," said Demosthenes.

"We can meet that easily enough," observed Cassius. "Furnish each writing-table with a slate. I should think they'd be pleased with that. It's so much easier to rub out the wrong word."

"Most poets prefer to rub out the right word," growled Confucius. "Besides, I shall never consent to slates in this house-boat. The squeaking of the pencils would be worse than the poems themselves."

"That's true," said Cassius. "I never thought of that. If a dozen poets got to work on those slates at once, a fife corps wouldn't be a circumstance to them."

"Well, it all goes to prove what I have thought all along," said Doctor Johnson. "Homer's idea is a good one, and Samson was wise in backing it up. The poets need to be concentrated somewhere where they will not be a nuisance to other people, and where other people will not be a nuisance to them. Homer ought to have a place to compose in where the *vingt-et-un* players will not interrupt his frenzies, and, on the other hand, the *vingt-et-un* and other players should be protected from the wooers of the muse. I'll vote to have the Poets' Corner, and in it I move that Cassius's slate idea be carried out. It will be a great saving, and if the corner we select be far enough away from the other corners of the club, the squeaking of the slate-pencils need bother no one."

"I agree to that," said Blackstone. "Only, I think it should be understood that in granting the petition of the poets we do not bind ourselves to yield to doctors and lawyers and shoemakers and plumbers in case they should each want a corner to themselves."

"A very wise idea," said Sir Walter. Whereupon the resolution was suitably worded, and passed unanimously.

Just where the Poets' Corner is to be located the members of the Committee have not as yet decided, although Confucius is strongly in favor of having it placed in a dingy situated a quarter of a mile astern of the house-boat, and connected therewith by a slight cord, which can be easily cut in case the squeaking of the poets' slate-pencils becomes too great for the nervous system of the members who have no corner of their own.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LETTER FROM AMERICA'S CHESS CHAMPION.

UNDER date of September 3d, Harry Nelson Pillsbury writes from Hastings, England, to a Brooklyn friend, as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. ——: As I said in a letter written about a week ago, you would doubtless know the result before it reached you. And now, in receipt of your cable messages, permit me to say that among all the kindly words of congratulation sent me, there are two or three I prize more than all the rest—those from my dear Brooklyn friends.

"It seems but fitting for me to say that I value the position I have taken here, not so much for myself as for our glorious country and our glorious Brooklyn Chess Club; and in this—the hour of my life—permit me, through yourself, to express the most heartfelt thanks to my friends who have enabled me to achieve the result.

"I hope and trust the victory will awaken that chess enthusiasm which has so long lain dormant, and will induce Americans to realize that in America we can raise up chess-players *as good as the best*.

"I trust my success has not changed me, and that I shall always be the same Pillsbury—only, I hope, with added chess powers.

"I have been approached with regard to a chess match with Lasker for the championship, and have stated that I could say nothing till I could see my American friends. Such a match must of necessity be played in England, and the Hastings Chess Club has already requested first consideration for its financial arrangement for at least half of the games. In case the arrangements are concluded, the match would hardly be commenced before March 1, 1896, and therefore I give it to you simply as news, as I shall do nothing definite about it till I see you.

"I have written a few lines to the Brooklyn Chess Club, which I enclose, and now expect to sail from Southampton either on the 21st or the 28th inst., by the American Line. I will cable you the date of my departure. And, with warmest regards to all my friends, and particularly to Mr. Foster Higgins, to whom, I trust, you will express my renewed and lasting appreciation of his kindness, I am,

"Sincerely yours,

"H. N. PILLSBURY."

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE venerable and familiar moral tale of the bad little boy who offered the circus elephant a chew of tobacco is far surpassed in ethical force by the new and strictly truthful story of eleven-year-old Harry Manning, of Waltham, Massachusetts. Harry has been learning to smoke cigarettes, and one afternoon about a fortnight ago he was sitting on a barrel behind Northrup's grocery practising, when he heard footsteps. Not caring to smoke in company, he politely dropped his lighted cigarette into the bung-hole of the barrel on which he sat. The statement is that when the moral elephant in the other story received the chew of tobacco he seized Tommy, the evil-doer, by the coat collar with the thumb and finger of his trunk and threw him harshly out through the roof of the circus tent. The event in Harry's case was still more precipitous and surprising. The barrel he sat on had contained naphtha, and rejected the lighted cigarette with an instantaneous burst of emotion which sundered its hoops and gave Harry all the symptoms experienced by the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled. Happily Harry came down in the same township in which he went up, and was identified, and is still living with his parents, but another time he will drop his nose into an empty barrel before he drops his cigarette into it. The narrative of his adventure is here cheerfully recorded as a warning to boys who smoke cigarettes, and for use in schools.

The *Sun*, which used to make so much game of Mr. George W. Childs because of his supposed dexterity in the composition of mortuary verse, includes in its own editorial family the most edifying and accomplished obituarian of the contemporary American press. His observations on the late William Henry Hurlbert were quite as interesting as his summaries of the qualities of the departed are wont to be. He dwelt upon Mr. Hurlbert's great natural gifts and the extraordinary fulness of his education, and added, "His heart was as affectionate as his mind was fertile, and had his judgment been equal in certainty and accuracy to his other gifts, he would have formed a character of phenomenal completeness."

This is an interesting theory that it was a defect of judgment that ailed Mr. Hurlbert. It is judgment, then, that makes probity, for probity was by general consent the ingredient which was lacking in his make-up. It has been interesting to see in many of the notices of his death in American papers traces of the affection and admiration he inspired. He has been dealt with with the utmost gentleness and sympathy. "Nobody who knew him," says the New York *Times*, "can fail to receive from the announcement of his death a feeling of immense compassion and a new sense of the tragedy of human life." The *Times* quotes the remark made by some one who knew Mr. Hurlbert well, and who was asked at the time of the trial in which he was concerned in London whether he thought Hurlbert capable of deliberate villany. He replied, "No; not so much because I think him incapable of villany as incapable of deliberation." That remark points to the same conclusion reached by the *Sun*—that the trouble with him was a sort of intellectual defect pertaining to the judgment.

For thirty years, or thereabouts, in New York, Mr. Hurlbert had a very curious, semi-humorous reputation for personal wickedness. How far he earned it the present deponent does not know, but he certainly had it—of a piquant quality and in great profusion. No doubt it owed much of its distinction to the opinion of his acquaintances that he knew enough to be a better man. Of a person of his abilities and of his education in divinity a high quality of personal conduct might reasonably have been expected, and ordinary deviations from such a standard may in his case have been exaggerated because of their contrast with the behavior that was expected of him. It is not known that he was ever especially solicitous about his reputation one way or the other, and for many years he doubtless never felt the need of a better one than he had. Finally he did feel the need of it very much, and it is a question whether by reason of the lack of it he did not die sinned against in a measure beyond his own reputed sinning, and a victim of legal injustice which he could not set right.

Remembering that Lord Rosebery's lack of seriousness is his fatal defect as a political leader, the *Evening Post* observes that "no great democratic leader was ever a habitual jester." But there was Lincoln, who came about as near to being a habitual jester as any sane person well could. It may be said that he was the exception that proves the rule, but an exception of such dimensions seems rather to disprove it.

Lord Rosebery seems to have suffered from an ailment which also affected in a much greater degree his late friend William Henry Hurlbert. He seems to have a dearth of convictions. If he only had convictions enough and of adequate strength, his cleverness and his command of jokes might help instead of hindering him. But his strongest sentiment seems to be his earnest desire to do himself credit, and that is not quite enough.

A contemporary newspaper is greatly shocked by the remark of Dr. Bach, of the Medico-Legal Society, that physicians sometimes administer drugs to end the agony of a patient. It wonders what reply a trustworthy, honorable, and law-abiding physician would make to Dr. Bach's statement. The chances are that a physician of the sort specified would make no reply at all. The statement being true, it was injudicious enough to make it at a public meeting, without confirming it afterwards. To confirm the truth of it by the testimony of physicians might interest a newspaper, but there would be no attraction in it for the physicians.

It is as reasonable to suppose that some physicians sometimes give drugs to end suffering as it is to believe that they do not tattle overmuch about it afterwards.

The news of the immense boom in London of South African and Australian mining shares is not altogether satisfactory to American thrift. The accounts that are cabled over of the speculation in the wares of Barney Barnato and Robinson recall the stories of the South-Sea Bubble and the Tulip mania. If the English have gone mad over gold-mining, they will get their cure presently in the usual way, but it would be much more satisfactory to us if they would go a little mad over American railroad stocks and valuables of that nature, and enable those of our countrymen who are overstocked with securities of real value to dispose of their superfluity to advantage. We don't ask the good English to buy any securities from us but such as are truly good. If they will buy enough of those and take them away, and make securities of all sorts a little scarcer and dearer, we will agree to sell our less certain and valuable stocks to one another.

The bicycle is not yet quite at home among us, and will not be until we have had time to adapt ourselves and the contrivances of our civilization more completely to its wants. For instance, the transportation of bicycles is in a chaotic state. Railroads have not agreed about it, and no bicyclist can tell, without making specific inquiries, on what terms he can get his machine transported from one point to another.

Again, there is a hitch about the rights of tenants of flats to have their bicycles in their apartments. That question has gone to the courts for adjudication, the issue being raised the other day between tenant and landlord in an apartment-house on West 111th Street.

It is a very bad season for heirs-apparent of European thrones. The Czarowitz is far from strong, and seems not to be growing any stronger; the heir of the Emperor of Austria has something so much like consumption that it takes an expert to explain why it is not consumption; the Prince of Naples is also in a feeble state, and finds the care of his health a complete occupation. The Prince of Wales bears up still, and Emperor William has a whole family of hardy sons and daughters, but it seems possible that Russia, Austria, and Italy may have to advertise for claimants to their thrones.

It must not be supposed that because a man happens to choose to live over his stable that he does not live in comfort, and even in luxury. It was lately given out from Boston to San Francisco that Mr. O. H. P. Belmont proposed to give a dance in the combination dwelling that shelters his horses and himself. Many readers have wondered in a passing thought what sort of a house Mr. Belmont had, and whether his devotion to horses had led him to sacrifice his comfort to theirs. Judging from the accounts of the ball, nobody's comfort is severely tried in Mr. Belmont's house and barn. The papers say that the ladies in their best gowns and the horses in their best summer blankets harmonized equally well with their surroundings there.

Mr. Charles Dana Gibson and Miss Langhorne were particularly unlucky in the damages they got from their carriage accident in Virginia. Miss Langhorne is a Virginia belle, and every one knows that dancing is the main occupation of all Southern belles. But Miss Langhorne broke her knee, and it is likely to be a long time before

IT'S FUN FOR THEM, BUT DEATH TO THE PARTY THEY ARE SCREWING DOWN.

"It's too bad, but we must live." "That's what we're here for."

she can dance again. Mr. Gibson, being an artist, is dependent on his right hand, and he is reported to have broken his right wrist, so that he too is likely to be out of business for some time to come. Whereas if Miss Langhorne had broken her wrist and Mr. Gibson his knee, there need not have been any serious hiatus in their occupations.

The speed of the new stamp-cancelling machine now in use in the New York Post-office is said to be marvellous, but it makes a dreadful-looking post-mark, which is bound to be a grief to persons who take pains to send out neat-looking letters, and like to have them still look neat when they are received.

The Listener of the Boston *Transcript* speaks with enthusiasm of Mr. Remington's pictures in the September HARPER'S. The "Sage-Brush Pioneers," in the Listener's opinion, "goes away up into the azure heights of genius, so to speak," and he finds in the "Fall of the Cowboy" such a picture as it takes a great man to make.

People who have interested themselves in the foundation of the Craig Colony for Epileptics at Sonyea, in Livingston County, in this State, will be glad to learn that the colony is ready to begin its work, and that a first draft of about sixty epileptics will be sent to it next month from the almshouses of the State. In the course of the winter some 200 more will be received, which is all the present buildings can hold, but another year it is hoped to have room for 600 colonists, and so finally to receive as many as are fit to come. There are estimated to be 12,000 epileptics in New York State, 1000 of whom are a public charge, and now sheltered in almshouses and insane asylums, but most of them are eventually to be cared for at Sonyea. Private patients are to be received there as soon as provision can be made for them, and such as are willing to build their own cottages would probably be received now. The plan is that the colony shall be as little like an institution and as much like a country town as possible. The patients are all to be employed according to their several degrees of health and capacity. There are 1000 acres of land to be cultivated, and orchards and gardens to be cared for, and all sorts of trades will be carried on. The life of the colony promises to be very interesting; for of course, as is generally known, though epileptics are incapacitated by their infirmity from undertaking ordinary employment under ordinary conditions, and need a certain amount of care and medical supervision, most of them can work, and need, even more than other people, to be kept occupied. Many of them, too, are highly intelligent and personally interesting.

Toronto seems to be one of the most regulated cities in the civilized world. Sunday is kept there like a suit of best clothes. There are no Sunday newspapers; the street cars don't run; nothing goes on except interest. Even the tides in Lake Ontario omit to ebb and flow on the Lord's day. On week-days you can ride on the Toronto street cars for four cents a ride, and if you are going to school you can ride at half rate, no matter how old you are or how big. The street railways pay the city a just rent for their franchises, and the resulting revenue is very large and saves taxes. Nevertheless, it is asserted from time to time that Toronto is losing in population. The good people don't care, for they say they would rather live in a good city than in a big one, but covetous persons who do business or own real estate in Toronto grumble, and say the town is too good to succeed.

E. S. MARTIN.

A SUGGESTION TO A NOBLE LORD.

I CANNOT see,
O dear Earl D.,
What we can do
For you.
We don't control the blue.
We've always heard that you
Did that.

Is "Britannia rules the waves" mere chat
Denominated "Hat"?
If not,
Your little yacht
Must blame her Majesty
'S navee.

Next time you come
Away from "hum"
Bring in your train,
Across the main,
The *Blunderer*,
And *Thunderer*,
The *Clamperup*, and *Dunderer*.

Then if the steamers block your path,
Call on your navy, cut a swath
Across the sea;
And then *maybe*
You'll win
That cup of tin.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

MEDICAL science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the Kola Plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, are sending out large trial cases of the Kola Compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send your name and address on postal card, and they will send you a trial case by mail free.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ILL-TEMPERED BABIES are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

IF you suffer from looseness of the bowels, "ANGOSTURA BITTERS" will surely cure you.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Pears' soap is pure; no alkali in it. There are a thousand soap-virtues; it has them all.

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Dress Goods

Exclusive Novelties

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No. 4711 Essence OF RHINE ★ VIOLETS (*Name Registered.*)

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

Wonderfully true to nature and more lasting than any other scent of its name. A specialty *par excellence*. All the rage in Europe at the present time.

Be sure that you get the **"No. 4711 Rhine Violets"**

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, New York, U. S. Agents.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The oldest and best Specific against all disorders of the Stomach, and an appetizer.

Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.

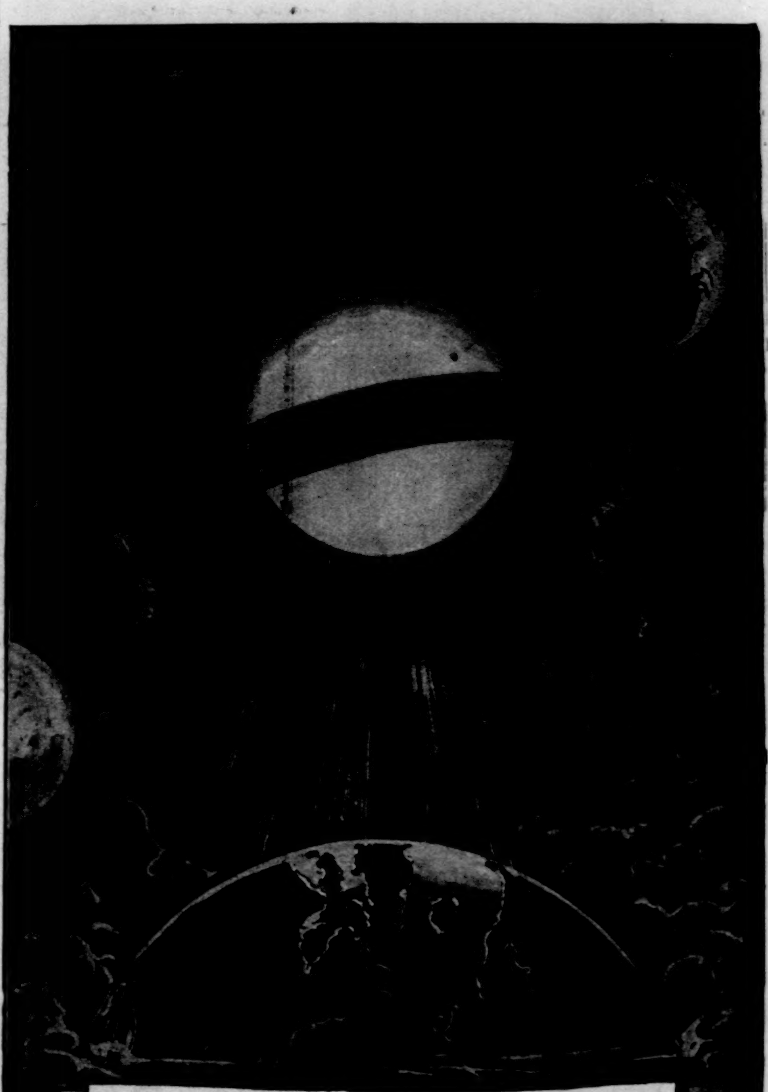
Women And Women Only

Are most competent to fully appreciate the purity, sweetness, and delicacy of CUTICURA SOAP and to discover new uses for it daily.

In the form of washes, solutions, etc., for distressing inflammations, irritations, and weaknesses of the mucous membrane, or too free or offensive perspiration, it has proved most grateful.

CUTICURA SOAP appeals to the refined and cultivated everywhere, as the most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap, as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

Sold throughout the world, and especially by English and American chemists in all the principal cities. British depot: F. NEWBERY & SONS, 1, King Edward-st., London. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.



Used by all the famous participants in the recent International Athletic Events at Manhattan Field, September 21st, between the New York Athletic Club—London Athletic Club.

The novelty and beauty of the package, combined with the perfect qualities of the gum, cause its marvellous popularity.

THE HALF-HOSE THAT ARE STAMPED Shawknit ON THE TOE

Fit Well, Look Well, Wear Well.

They are the only half-hose constructed in accordance with THE SHAPE OF THE HUMAN FOOT.

☞ Sold by the trade generally, and obtainable direct from the makers, who will send a Descriptive Price-List to any applicant.

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Brown Brothers & Co.,

BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

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72D ST. AND GRAND BOULEVARD, NEW YORK.
NOW READY FOR INSPECTION,
will open Sept. 25.

A DELIGHTFUL CITY HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR FAMILIES. Thoroughly fireproof, built in the latest, most approved style. CENTRALLY SITUATED IN THE MIDST OF THE GREAT PARKS, 72d Street being a Parkway connecting Central and Riverside Parks. In touch with all parts of the City by means of the elevated, cable, and eight other lines. THE CUISINE AND SERVICE OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER. Rooms, single or en suite. Address

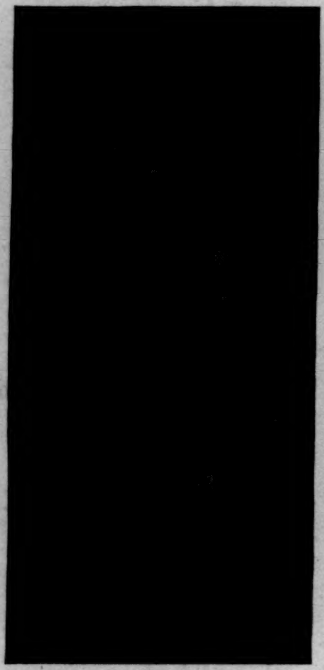
DAVIS & FOSTER, MANAGERS.

W. FITZ-HERBERT, CAMBRIDGE AND L. A. C.—440 yards, 49 1-2 seconds.

B. J. WEFERS, N. Y. A. C.
120 yards, 12 seconds.

C. A. BRADLEY, L. A. C.
100 yards, 10 seconds.

W. MENDELSON, CAMBRIDGE AND L. A. C.—Broad jump, 22 feet 5 1-2 inches.


GEORGE SANDS, N. Y. A. C.
440 yards.

C. H. KILPATRICK, N. Y. A. C.
880 yards, 1 minute 55 2-5 seconds.

A. R. DOWNER, L. A. C.
100 yards, 10 seconds.

W. E. LUTYENS, CAMBRIDGE AND L. A. C.—One mile, 4 minutes 19 4-5 seconds.

W. J. OAKLEY, OXFORD AND L. A. C.—Broad jump, 22 feet 8 inches.

GODFREY SHAW, L. A. C.
120-yard hurdles, 15 4-5 seconds.

F. S. HORAN, CAMBRIDGE AND L. A. C.—880 yards, 1 minute 56 seconds.

E. B. BLOSS, N. Y. A. C.
Broad jump 22 feet 11 3-4 inches.

INTERNATIONAL TRACK ATHLETICS.—SOME OF THE LONDON AND NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB [SIC] TEAMS.
Other N. Y. A. C. Contestants were given in Last Week's Issue.—[See Amateur Sport.]

AMATEUR SPORT

The "America's" Cup stays here. *Defender* won in three straight heats. One by administering a handsome beating to *Valkyrie*, another on a foul, and a third and last one on a sail-over. Three straight heats are usual, and seem correct, but never before have they ended in so unsatisfactory a manner. Had Dunraven been a better sportsman, the guardianship of the Cup would remain unchanged, but the challenger would have won the admiration and respect of thousands of Americans. Dunraven's withdrawal of *Valkyrie* from the last race is so extraordinary in itself, and so entirely unprecedented in yacht-racing, that one hardly knows from what point to start one's criticism. One feels it must be a very complicated state of affairs indeed that would produce such a termination, but close scrutiny reveals the whole matter in the light of simplicity itself.

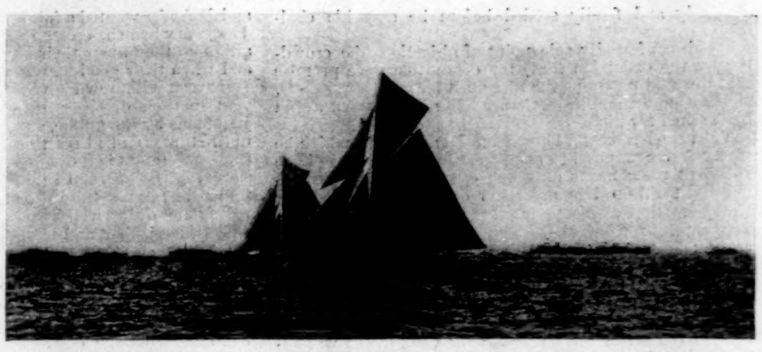
Let us begin at the beginning; it is always the best way to get at the root of difficulties:

Dunraven last year again challenged for the *America's* Cup, in fact, shortly after he had just completed an unsuccessful attempt to win it the previous year. He therefore knew the conditions of wind, water, attendant spectators, etc. In his correspondence with the New York Yacht Club officials he made several requests, among others that the course be changed from New York Bay to Marblehead or Newport. The New York Yacht Club did not grant this request. And rightly so. There is no fairer course, so far as wind and water are concerned, in the world than that off Sandy Hook. It is as free of the influence of tides as any other course on this side of the Atlantic Ocean, and more so than any other on the other side. So far as attendant spectators are concerned, there would probably be no diminution in their number whether the race were sailed off Marblehead or Newport. Excursion boats would go from New York to either place, and Boston would turn out more than enough to make up any deficiency, as Boston is a yachting centre of enthusiasm and pronounced opinions.

Then, too, there is another, and, in fact, a more important reason why the New York Yacht Club should not change the location of the races. It is entirely fitting that this contest for the *America's* Cup should be settled in the home waters of the New York Yacht Club, especially since those home waters are at least as good as may be found elsewhere.

However, the refusal of this request did not deter Dunraven from issuing his challenge, or rather from authorizing the Royal Yacht Squadron on his account to challenge the New York Yacht Club.

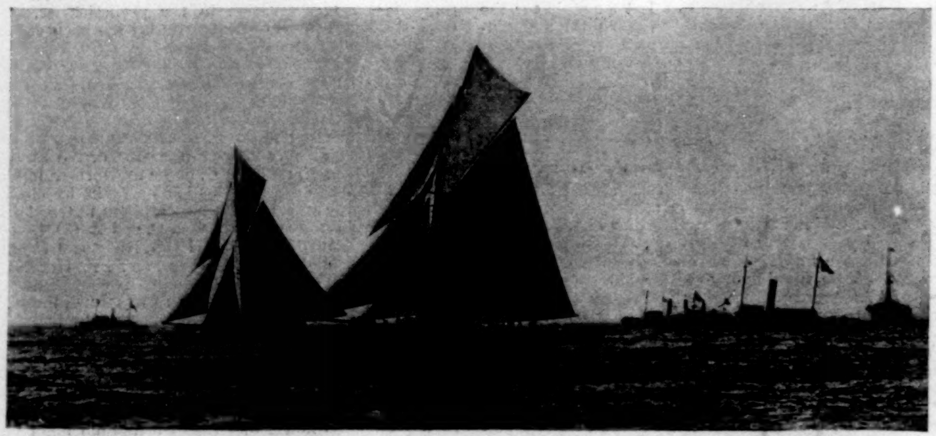
On Dunraven's arrival in New York he met the members of the *America's* Cup Committee, and it was particularly published that there was no point on which they and he were not agreed. Thus the first race for the Cup began on September 7th with both parties apparently well satisfied. The fleet of steamboats, tugs, and other craft was probably greater on the 7th than on any day of any previous race for the Cup. It was also quite as well disposed about the start as it had been in any previous race.



ONE HOUR AFTER THE START, SEPTEMBER 7TH.—"DEFENDER" TO WINDWARD.

Some of the boats were nearer the line than they ought to have been, and several of the steamer captains did not evince a proper consideration for the yachts.

All this is true, but it is likewise true that neither of the yachts was seriously interfered with, that their manœuvring was beautiful to behold and skilfully carried out, and that *Valkyrie* secured the better start after probably the cleverest work that has ever been seen by a yacht of her size. On the beat out to the mark the work of neither boat was actually handicapped by any of the excursion fleet, but *Defender* came nearer to suffering. At the turning mark a number of the big steamers had massed in such a way as to back the wind, even if it did not embarrass the movements of the racers. Both yachts must have been handicapped at that mark to some slight extent, although, as a matter of fact, there is always a great deal more talk than hurt in most of these complaints. In the run home in this race *Valkyrie* was left so far behind that she had the ocean to herself; there was not a solitary boat to keep a bit of wind from her sails.



JUST AFTER THE START, SEPTEMBER 10TH.—"DEFENDER'S" TOPMAST BROKEN.

In the second race the patrol-boats had become more effective, and the large semicircle about the start was very much better cleared. On the first two legs of that race there was not a craft within hailing distance of either boat. On the last leg, when *Defender* was overhauling *Valkyrie* at a rapid gait, there were no boats to really bother, though one or two of the fleet had come a little closer to the yachts than during the other legs.

This, then, in detail is a recital—absurd as it seems to print it now—of the extent to which the excursion fleet figured in the two races. We should not publish it but for the elaboration and prominence it has been given, and because we wish to put the facts before our readers both in this country and in Europe. From a careful following of the yachts, with an eye always watching for such matters, I cannot recall a time when the yachts were actually interfered with, except just after they rounded the mark on the day of the first race; and on that occasion *Defender* suffered quite as much as *Valkyrie*. There has always been a great ado made over this excursion fleet by the English press, and while there is no attempt here to deny its existence, or to claim that it is not undesirable, at the same time its offence has been very greatly exaggerated.

"Gentlemen,—It is with great reluctance that I write to inform you that I decline to sail the *Valkyrie* any more under the circumstances that have prevailed in the last two races, and for the following reasons:

"First.—To attempt to start two such large vessels in such confined space and among moving steamboats and tugs is, in my opinion, exceedingly dangerous, and I will not further risk the lives of my men or the ship.

"Second.—At the start of the first race the crowding was so great that we could not see the mark-boat, and could not tell when we were near the line; and we were much hampered by steamboats, especially on the race home.

"To-day on the reach home eight or nine steamboats were to the windward of me, and, what was worse, a block of steamboats were steaming level with me and close under my lee. I sailed nearly the whole distance in tumbling, broken water, in the heavy wash of these steamboats.

"To race under these conditions is, in my opinion, absurd, and I decline to submit myself to them again.

"I would remind your committee that, foreseeing the trouble that might occur, I urged upon them the desirability of sailing off Marblehead or some locality other than New York Bay, and they refused to do so. At the same time I would testify to my full belief that your committee have done everything in their power to prevent overcrowding.

"The fact is that when a contest between the representatives of two yacht clubs excites so much popular interest and attracts such crowds of people, if the races are sailed in the immediate neighborhood of a great city and the dates of the races and times of starting are known and advertised, it is impossible to keep a course free from causes of exceptional danger and clear enough to assure the probability that the result of a match will be decided according to the relative merits of the competing vessels.

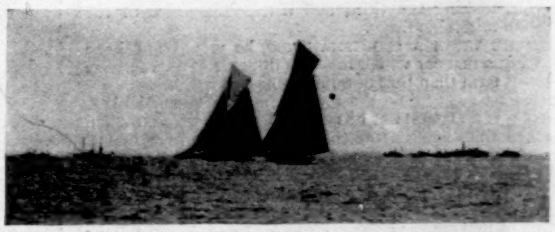
"I have the honor to remain your obedient servant,

"Dunraven.

"The America's Cup Committee."
September 10th.

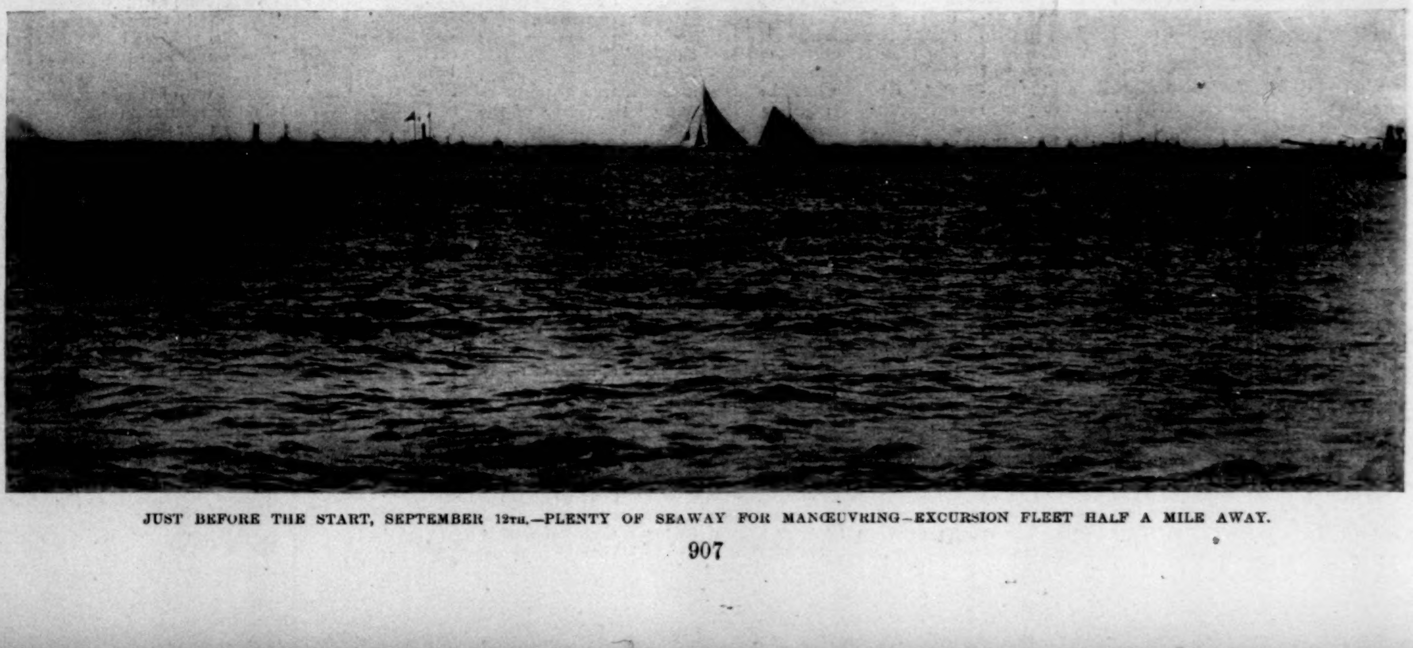
When Dunraven sent his first letter, therefore, to the *America's* Cup Committee on the night of the second race, *Valkyrie's* chances of winning had in no single instance been jeopardized at the start, nor at any time had she been so bothered as *Defender*. This letter is an exceedingly blind one. It is only now in the light of Thursday's fiasco that one sees at what Dunraven was driving. A first reading gives only the impression that Dunraven will not race again unless the excursion boats are kept entirely away from the starting line. No one could believe he was hinting at the course he did finally pursue on the last day. It reads simply as a complaint to the club against the number of excursion steamers present, and seemed sent as a means of speeding the efforts of the committee towards keeping the course free.

Subsequently the "America's" Cup Committee met Dunraven, and the entire matter was discussed, as such a matter should be between gentlemen and sportsmen.



"DEFENDER" CROSSING "VALKYRIE'S" BOW, SEPTEMBER 7TH.

Dunraven's letter received the committee's earnest consideration, every argument was weighed and every complaint noted. It is clearly evident the committee were in every way desirous of conciliating Dunraven, and yet it was as clearly impossible for them to accede to his proposition for a postponement of the third race. It was most preposterous on Dunraven's part even to suggest postponement, that he might discuss matters which had been



JUST BEFORE THE START, SEPTEMBER 12TH.—PLENTY OF SEAWAY FOR MANŒUVRING—EXCURSION FLEET HALF A MILE AWAY.

definitely and finally settled before he sent his challenge.

To his confessedly sole point of objection (the crowding by the excursion fleet) the committee gave promise that it would postpone the race until the course was clear. It was a sportsmanlike assurance, and no sportsman would have asked for more.

Then came a second letter from Dunraven, in which he says, "Your proposal to postpone the start until we have sufficient room meets only one out of more serious difficulties mentioned in my letter of the 10th." Another statement that seems to be ventured at a hazard, for a very careful reading of Dunraven's letter fails to discover other "more serious difficulties."

THIS, THEN, IS THE DIFFERENCE, and these are the causes that led up to the withdrawal of *Valkyrie* the day of the third race. The *America's* Cup Committee would not on the night of the 11th agree to postpone the third race in the series for the *America's* Cup, which was advertised and scheduled for the 12th, the postponement being simply for the discussion of matters that had long before been settled by correspondence and in personal meeting; it could not agree to declare the race void if either yacht "suffered from accompanying steamers." Suppose it had agreed to such a puerile request, and suppose *Valkyrie* about a mile ahead in a race and *Defender* interfered with far behind and the race declared off therefore. What a row there would be in England! No committee with the smallest conception of its responsibility could agree to such an unheard-of request. It might create all sorts of complications. What would prevent some heavy backer of a losing yacht from interfering with her and thus having the race declared off? Dunraven's ideas are unique if not sportsmanlike. He writes, "If the races are sailed in the immediate neighborhood of a great city, and the dates of races and the time of starting are known and advertised, it is impossible to keep a course free from causes of exceptional danger." It would be an enlightenment, indeed, if Dunraven could point out to the committee a fair course that was not near a great city; and it surely cannot be possible Dunraven supposes a race for the *America's* Cup could be sailed secretly. In his interview Dunraven declares Mr. Busk assured him that "the *America's* Cup Committee in future races for the Cup would so arrange matters that the date and time of starting the races should not be made public." If Mr. Busk told Dunraven any such thing he (Rusk) must have taken leave of his senses immediately previous to making the statement. The New York Yacht Club could not, if it would—and I very much question if it would—attempt to conduct the races for the *America's* Cup without advertising the dates for sailing, etc. It is ridiculous to imagine it, and absolutely inane of Dunraven to ask it.

MOST CONVINCING EVIDENCE AGAINST DUNRAVEN'S sportsmanship was that given by his own attitude on the third day of the races. At no time while *Defender* was manœuvring for the start, after the preparatory gun had been fired, did *Valkyrie* show the slightest intention of entering the race. Notwithstanding the fact that the excursion fleet was between half and three-quarters of a mile back of the start on all sides, notwithstanding the fact, too, that the Regatta Committee had postponed the time of start in order the better to clear the course, Dunraven had no intention of starting, and kept his tug at the light-ship to pick him up once he had crossed the line and withdrawn. If Dunraven was the sportsman report had called him, he would have appreciated the efforts of the New York Yacht Club, through its Regatta Committee, to comply with his request to keep the start clear, and he would have given some evidence of his appreciation by not making the third and determining race of the series a miserable fizzle.

IF HE WERE A SPORTSMAN, TOO, he would not have acted in a manner which it seems difficult to characterize by any term than that of a miserable "crawl."

Other than against the too enthusiastic excursionists, there was no complaint he could possibly raise, and when he had the assurance of the Regatta Committee that it would keep the start clear for him, and when he saw that the Regatta Committee fulfilled its promise and did clear the course for him, if he had been a sportsman he would have sailed the race. But by his own confession Dunraven was not looking for a race; he seems to have had all the racing he wanted, as his interview in the *Herald* testifies:

"Lord Dunraven, did you consider the coast clear previous to and at the time the starting-gun was fired?"

"Better than it was ever before."

"Was there any boat within a quarter of a mile of the starting-line when the gun was fired?"

"I do not know. I was not close to the line myself, except when I crossed it. Really, I could not tell."

"Then you cannot give any opinion whether the line was clear or not?"

I did not look, and do not know."

In other words, Dunraven did not care whether the line was clear or not; he had no intention of racing unless, forsooth, the Regatta Committee disappointed, without rhyme or reason, thousands of Americans to simply comply with his whim that this third race be postponed to indulge in argument over a point which had been settled long before the races were begun. Who ever heard of trial heats in any contest being interrupted while the contestants discussed the rules of the series of races they were already entered upon?

THE POINT I AM ENDEAVORING to emphasize is the Regatta Committee's willingness and its earnest endeavor to do everything in reason to satisfy Dunraven, and furnish a fair race for the two yachts. The excursion fleet existed. It could not be sunk nor ordered off the ocean. Not even the United States government could do that. It could, however, be held in check, and was held in check better than ever before. There was never at any time the annoyance given *Valkyrie III.* and *Defender* that *Valkyrie II.* and *Vigilant* sustained in the last international yacht-race, and there was never a race in '93 or '95 in which the winning or losing of any one of these four yachts was influenced one way or the other by the excursion fleet. It seems to me that these undeniable facts, and the improved conditions of this year, and the honest, tireless efforts of the New York Yacht Club to still better them, should have had weight with any fair-minded sportsman.

NEITHER DUNRAVEN NOR ANY OTHER ENGLISHMAN has ever had cause to question the fairness of his treatment in contests under the stars and stripes. The love of fair play is nowhere on earth more in evidence than in the United States. The crowds that went to see *Valkyrie* and *Defender* wanted a fair race and no favor; they cheered *Valkyrie* when she crossed the line first in the second race, although they knew their own yacht had been crippled; and when their good-nature was sorely tested on the day Dunraven withdrew his yacht, they refrained from giving vent to their displeasure in jeers. This suspension of judgment by the public, and, too, by the American press, until Dunraven had been heard, speaks for itself. What these spectators and the press did was no more than they should have done, and I do not cite the instance in their praise, but to illustrate the popular sentiment, and to ask if England did as well by us through *Vigilant* and Cornell, and if the virulent and insulting attacks of London newspapers *in re* this yachting episode were as commendable.

THERE IS NOT AN AMERICAN SPORTSMAN who does not deeply deplore the unfortunate ending of this last international race. It is simply melancholy—there is no other word that fits the case. At the same time we cannot refrain from expressing our indignation, when, having done all we could to provide a fair race, an opponent acts churlish, and the press of his country adds insult to injury by accusing us of "sharp practice." We do not expect much of the English sporting press—vituperation of opponents seems its measure of greatness. We do expect sportsmanship from the Briton, and shall be greatly surprised if he does not come to view this yacht-race in a very different light from that which the cable at present reports. Nor do I believe no other challenge will be forth-coming for the *America's* Cup. It will, indeed, reveal a hitherto undiscovered side of the English character if the yachtsmen of Great Britain remain passive under defeat. However unsatisfactory this last struggle for the *America's* Cup may be, at least it has shown the undoubted superiority of *Defender* over *Valkyrie* on all points of sailing, and under all conditions save a drifting match and a gale. It is possible *Valkyrie* might win in a drift and a glassy sea; it is highly improbable she would win in a gale of wind. The English designer has made great progress in the evolution of the racing-machine, but we have progressed faster.

IT REMAINS NOW ONLY TO COMMENT ON *Valkyrie's* fouling *Defender* just at the start of the second race, and we have finished with the whole miserable business of this unfortunate international racing-week of 1895. Briefly, the two yachts were manœuvring for the start, both heading for the line, *Defender* on the wind almost close-hauled, *Valkyrie* running free with wind about abeam; suddenly *Valkyrie* turned from the line, her boom eased off, and ran straight for *Defender;* when it seemed as if they must come together, *Valkyrie* rounded to on *Defender's* beam, and the end of *Valkyrie's* boom as she swung caught *Defender's* starboard topmast backstay and tore it loose, the topmast bending, and finally splitting, under the strain of the huge club-topsail and jib-topsail. That *Defender*, thus crippled, so she could not set a balloon-jib when she needed it, was compelled to sail under a baby jib-topsail, and was yet beaten on the 30-mile triangle but 47 seconds, shows what a marvel of speed she is. Mr. Iselin immediately flew a protest flag, and the next day the Regatta Committee posted the two following bulletins in its club-house:

"*Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, Esq.:*

"DEAR SIR,—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday protesting the *Valkyrie*. We have given the matter our careful consideration, and we believe that the foul occurred through a miscalculation of the distance between the two yachts at a critical moment.

"From our own observation, confirmed by that of others who were in a good position to see all that occurred, we find that the *Valkyrie III.*, in contravention of section eleven of racing-rule sixteen, bore down upon the *Defender* and fouled her by the swing of her main-boom when luffing to straighten her course. We also consider that the *Defender* left the *Valkyrie* sufficient room to windward to pass clear of the committee boat.

"Your protest is therefore sustained.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
IRVING GRINNELL,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,
Committee."

The section of rule 16 referred to reads:

"Bearing away.—A yacht shall not bear away out of her course so as to hinder another in going to leeward."

"*To the members of the New York Yacht Club:*

"Your committee beg to state that before arriving at a decision on *Defender* protest, they endeavored to bring about a mutual agreement between the respective yachts to resail Tuesday's race, but each preferred that the committee should pass judgment on the protest.

REGATTA COMMITTEE,
New York Yacht Club."

THERE HAS BEEN MUCH CRITICISM of this decision by the English press, and at home some who have given the matter but superficial consideration have asked whether the race could not have been declared off and ordered resailed.

The committee's decision was absolutely sound and just. Under the circumstances it could not have ruled otherwise and fulfilled its duty. It must be remembered, as the second bulletin states, that the committee endeavored to obtain the consent of Dunraven and Iselin to call the race off, that it wished to adjust a very unsatisfactory occurrence in a way most satisfactory to the contestants and their supporters on both sides of the water. But each party demanded a decision on the protest, and there was no course left the committee but to decide, without sentiment and without favor, on the merits of the case before them. The committee and all the yachting world wanted that race resailed, and that it was not is due entirely to the immovability of Dunraven and Iselin. Once the decision was given there was no going back of it; and Iselin's subsequent offer to resail the race, although evidence of good spirit, was impracticable, because the matter had then been taken out of his hands, and neither he nor Dunraven had any right to enter into private arrangement in a series that was clearly under the jurisdiction of the New York Yacht Club. This *America's* Cup race is not a private affair, but an international one, with the Royal Yacht Squadron and the New York Yacht Club as principals. It was also perfectly right for Iselin to fly a protest flag at the time of the foul, the opinion of many hypercritical ones to the contrary notwithstanding; he would have been wanting in his duty as defender of the Cup had he, in an extreme and entirely unwarranted conception of sportsmanship, failed to do so.

THERE WAS ONE COURSE, however, which should have been pursued, and would have relieved the situation of all its embarrassments. Dunraven should have written the Regatta Committee declining to accept the race. Had he done so he would have shown his sportsmanship and earned the respect of yachtsmen the world over. He knew his was the offending yacht when the foul occurred, else he too would have flown a protest; he knew, also, on the conclusion of the race, that *Valkyrie* crossed the line a winner because *Defender* in her injured condition had been unable to show her best pace. Mere justice and sportsmanship ought to have prompted him to decline a victory over an opponent whom he had crippled. Compared with Dunraven's action, Cornell's failure to renounce the trial heat over Leander on the Thames was insignificant, though none the less excusable. Even if Dunraven could have imagined himself the offended party of the foul, he knew it was unintentional, and sound sportsmanship could only point to one course—declination to accept victory over a crippled rival.

Had his professed objection to further contest been the real one, he would have raced when the committee modified the cause within reasonable expectations. Had his desire to further test the merits of the two yachts been earnest, he would have accepted one of the subsequent private offers made to provide a race for *Valkyrie* against either *Defender* or *Vigilant*.

As it is, Dunraven's conduct leaves us with no other inference than that he acted as a "quitter," persisting in his objections beyond all sportsmanly or reasonable demands, apparently as a subterfuge to escape an unequivocal verdict of defeat.

THE INTERNATIONAL STRUGGLE NEXT BEFORE US is on land instead of water, and one in which the rules do not tolerate jockeying, and where the power of the referee is absolute. If disputes arise, they will be short-lived, but let us hope none will occur—there has been sufficient argument and recrimination in the preliminaries. The track-and-field contest of next Saturday has been called a match between teams of the London and the New York athletic clubs; it is more nearly one between Great Britain and the United States, and could be justly so termed had all the stars the L. A. C. engaged materialized on this side the ocean. When last spring the N. Y. A. C. suggested a meeting to the L. A. C. it made two propositions—either a strictly inter-club contest or All England *vs.* All America. The L. A. C. chose the former, but immediately set about strengthening its ranks by electing to membership several of the best athletes in Great Britain, notably Bradley (Huddersfield C. and A. C.), Downer (Scottish Pelicans), Bacon and Ryan, Kiely and Horgan, of Irish clubs; and Horan, Lutyens, and Fitz-Herbert, of Cambridge University.

FOLLOWING THE ENGLISH CLUB'S EXAMPLE, the N. Y. A. C. inaugurated a similar campaign. Crum and Stage were brought from the West, Burke and Bloss from Boston, Wefers from Lowell, and Conneff and Sweeney borrowed from the Xavier A. C. Meanwhile the L. A. C. viewed the gathering of American stars with displeasure, and began throwing stones that on the rebound crashed through their own glass house and raised a hubbub among the club's conservative members. The L. A. C. is one of the very few English clubs that has hitherto kept its athletic department clean, and the annexation for purely athletic purposes of these outside club men, who could never have been elected otherwise, created vigorous opposition. Within the L. A. C. waged wordy war, and without, the London sporting press, sorely afflicted with strabismus as usual when viewing things American, damned the N. Y. A. C. for the offence of which its own L. A. C. was first guilty. Thus pot called the kettle black, and the Atlantic cable was kept warm carrying the "latest" from London to New York, and from New York back again to London.

The upshot of the matter was that the better element in the English club won a partial victory, and the L.A.C. team arrived here minus Horgan (shot, 46 ft. $5\frac{1}{2}$ in.), Ryan (high jump, 6 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.), Kiely (hammer, 131 ft. 7 in.), Bacon (mile, 4 m. 17 sec.), and Bredin (440 yds., $48\frac{1}{2}$ sec., 880 yds., 1 min. 55 sec). The N.Y.A.C. weathered the storm without a man reported injured or missing.

WITH THE TEAM ORIGINALLY CHOSEN by the L.A.C. the contest Saturday would be very close, with slight odds in favor of America; as the L.A.C. team is, the competition will still be interesting, but odds very much in favor of a N.Y.A.C. victory. Giving the Englishmen the benefit of every doubt, five seem to be the limit of their wins, while it is quite possible they may not secure but three of the eleven events. The sprints are very doubtful. Bradley, Downer, Wefers, and Crum have all been unofficially credited with $9\frac{3}{5}$ for the 100 yards, and each in condition is a sure 10-second man. Crum has not been showing in top form recently, and Wefers, though running as he never did, is a comparative novice. Both Bradley and Downer are seasoned veterans and certain performers who have never been beaten, but they are in a strange climate, and have, moreover, never met such fliers as Wefers and Crum. It will be a toss up who wins; the men are so even, it is a mere guess, but if all are at their best, I incline slightly to Bradley in the 100 yards and Wefers in the 220. The 440 will be a grand struggle between Fitz-Herbert and Burke. There is only a fraction of a second's difference in their records, but if the American runs as he has this year, he ought to win in a driving finish. Kilpatrick ought also to win the 880, but I am a little afraid the killing pace Horan cuts out from the start may take the heart out of the American. Conneff will, of course, win the mile from Lutyens, and it would not surprise me if he took the 3 miles from Horan also, provided he starts. Chase will meet the best hurdler in Shaw he has yet run against, but I think it safe to count him a winner. The broad jump is open. Neither Oakley nor Mendelson has the record of the Americans, but Sheldon has a bad heel, and Bloss is very uncertain. The latter ought to win, but there will be no occasion for surprise if the event goes to the L.A.C. The high jump, shot, and hammer will be easy wins for the N. Y. A. C. with Sweeney, Gray, Hickok, and Mitchell. There is no possible way the N. Y. A. C. can lose the match, and if all their men perform up to their records there is a chance of taking nine of the eleven events. The Englishmen may or may not be up to their top form; it remains to be seen how the change of climate will affect their work. Other things being equal, an advantage is always with the home athlete.

The A. A. U. athletic championships equalled expectations in quality of performance, and were the best-attended and best-managed A. A. U. games of recent years. Further comment must be deferred, owing to the demands of yachting in this issue.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

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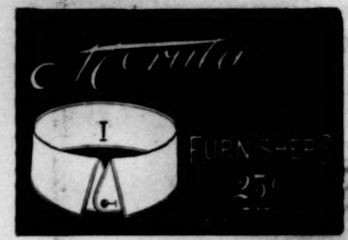

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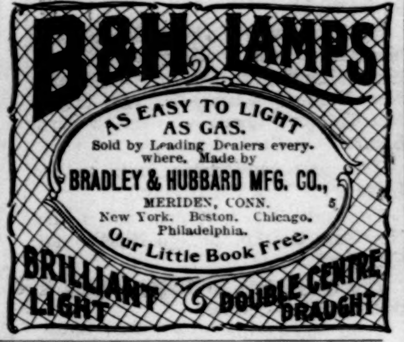

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